

# THE DUBLIN AND LONDON MAGAZINE.

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## THE WHITEBOY.

*By the Author of Tales of Irish Life.*

### CHAPTER IV.

'MUSHA blud-an-ounze, captin agra!' cried the sow gelder, when he had Thorndon completely on his feet—'is it yourself I see? Oh! by the Powers, I'll die esy; and sure so I ought, since I was able to do you a sarvice any how, for troth sure you are a real gintleman every bone in your body.'

'I owe you my life, friend,' said Thorndon impressively.

'Never be mintionen it, captin dear,' said the pig doctor.

'I must be allowed to express my gratitude,' rejoined the lieutenant.

'Ay, sure,' said the fellow, while he continued looking inquisitively into Thorndon's face: 'an wasn't it lucky, as God wud have it, that I tuck this way home from the fair? Ullaloo! what's all this?'

This exclamation was caused by the forcible ejection of the soldiers from the cabin; and as they rolled out they brought with them, in their grasp, several of the peasantry. Most of the military had been divested of their arms, and such as yet retained them seemed to maintain a very unequal contest with their assailants. Thorndon, who had scarcely recovered from the effects of the blow he had received, and who had almost forgotten his men, during his short colloquy with the pig doctor, beheld the scene before him with amazement and apprehension. His first impulse was to rush to the assistance of the soldiers, but his movement scarcely indicated his purpose when he was opposed by his deliverer. 'No blud, captin, no blud,' said he. 'Leave all to me, an I'll manage 'em in the twinklin of an eye.'

Without waiting for Thorndon's assent, he rushed amongst the combatants, and cried out, with Stentorian lungs, 'Boys, hunny! boys, hunny! sure you wudn't disgrace yourself by doen a durty action, and all for the

mere lucre of a few ould guns. Remimber these sogers aren't bluddy Orangemen, but real Englishmen, who wudn't hurt a hair in our heads, barren they were bid.'

While he spoke he did not remain idle, but, with amazing strength and address, pushed the parties aside, flung a soldier to his right, a peasant to his left, and ultimately succeeded in restoring a kind of confused order. 'Jack,' said he, addressing a tall mountaineer, 'give the Sassenach his gun.' 'Ay,' answered the fellow, casting his eye upon the polished bayonet, 'till he skivers me like a wild duck.'

'Troth, you're right, Jack,' said a comrade.

'Troth an he's not,' said the pig doctor: 'an here's the captin himself, who'll go bail that his men shan't injure a sowl of us, if we give 'em their guns.'

'I can enter into no compromise,' replied Thorndon. 'Restore the men their arms, and then sue for terms; which, if reasonable, will not be refused.'

'Why, you see, captin,' said the pig doctor, 'we're not over and above larn'd in these parts, though most of us, thang-God! can read our prayer-bukes; but if you just say, "Boys, give us our arms;" and no harm dun, we'll meet you on fair terms.'

'I must repeat,' replied the lieutenant, 'that I can enter into no negotiation while these foolish men retain our arms; but if these are peaceably delivered up, I don't think, on your account, that any thing serious is to be apprehended.'

Thorndon, in saying this, considered that he neither compromised his own honour nor the military character of those under his command; and the peasantry, after talking both quick and loud to each other in Irish, returned the soldiers their arms. The haste with which this was done convinced the lieutenant that

the sudden appearance of the guard which accompanied the guager had no small influence in producing a pacific disposition among the country people. He had no inclination, however, to interpret their conduct to their disadvantage, but contented himself in placing his men in order, and advising the crowd to disperse. A few obeyed his counsel; and, among others, the pig doctor; for whatever suspicions his conduct on the preceding evening had given rise to, the service he had just rendered Thorndon secured him from detention. Under other circumstances it is hard to say what the lieutenant might have done, but on this occasion he was perfectly satisfied that he had no authority whatever to interfere with the pig doctor's personal liberty.

On the near approach of the corporal and his party, it was discovered that they had brought back the still, in the form of a large metal pot, but had left the revenue officer behind them. Thorndon inquired the reason, and was told that, in the contest for the still, the guager, who was one of Hotspur's soldiers, had sought safety in flight, and that when the military proved victorious he forgot to return. 'Indeed,' continued the corporal, 'oi shouldn't be surprisid if the woild Hirish had caught the feller; for, dom their oise, after hooting and hissing us like so many devils, they rund into yon village as if to a bull foight.'

The corporal's suspicion seemed to receive confirmation from the shouts and violent gesticulations of a man who stood on the opposite hill. He continued for some minutes waving his hat, and beckoning to the soldiers; but, on perceiving that he was not understood, he rushed down into the valley, and ran with surprising speed towards the military. When within hearing, he announced, with breathless anxiety, that the peasantry had caught the guager, and were then proceeding to inflict on him, in a summary manner, the punishment of death. He concluded by beseeching Thorndon's interference, and as he had rather a respectable appearance, the lieutenant did not hesitate to accompany him, in the hope of rescuing the wretched guager from the hands

of the infuriated populace. The party marched in double quick time; but the guide, instead of taking the direct road towards the village, alleged numerous impediments, and assured them that the safest and speediest way was by a more circuitous path. As he appeared to be actuated by the purest motives of humanity, this conduct did not give rise to any suspicions, and Thorndon and his men willingly followed in his footsteps. After many twistings and turnings, they at length reached the village, if half a dozen thatched cabins, ranged on each side of the road, might be considered to constitute one. The place was full of people, and the lieutenant, before entering, halted to put his men in order. This scarcely occupied a minute, yet, short as the time was, the guide had vanished; and, when the soldiers advanced, the half smothered laugh of the crowd assured Thorndon that he had been imposed upon. After marching up and down the road, and seeing no appearance of either the guager or of an execution, he proceeded towards the place where they had left the still. The lieutenant now recollected that, in the hurry of the moment, no guard had been left to protect the illicit utensils, and when they reached the little valley it was too apparent that the people had not been idle during their absence. The still was no where to be found, and on examining the interior of the cabin, they discovered that nearly every thing appertaining to the manufacture of whiskey had disappeared. The soldiers laughed at the hoax, though it deprived them of the reward which the guager had assured them would fall to their due on the lodgment of the still and worm in the excise stores. As they were preparing to quit the place, a man glided from behind a rock, where it was evident he had sought concealment. On seeing the soldiers, so far from evincing a desire to shun their observation, he made towards them. He looked unlike an inhabitant of the earth, and yet was on it; for he was literally covered with mud and filth, and these were in so humid a state, that copious streams of water ran from the jagged ends of his torn and tattered clothes. In this strange guise Thorn-



don, after some time, discovered the man of excise; and, though now an object of pity, neither the officer nor his man could suppress the laughter his singular appearance excited. The guager's story was soon told: the country people had caught him as he was running away from the contest, and he had given himself up for lost, when, fortunately for him, it was discovered that the shots discharged by the soldiers had proved harmless. Had it been otherwise, he must have fallen a sacrifice to the vengeance of the people. As it was they dragged him several times through the *lough*, tore his clothes, and otherwise punished him. On his escape he made to the valley in the hope of meeting with the still to reward him for his sufferings; but on finding that no soldier was to be seen, he concealed himself behind a rock, from whence he had observed the movements of the country people in carrying off the illicit utensils. Though disappointed, he did not despair of ultimately securing his reward.

## CHAPTER V.

As there was now no hope of recovering the still, the party, accompanied by the revenue-officer, returned to Neaglebawn. The guests of the preceding night were invited to dinner, and as the appointed hour had already arrived, they were all in attendance. The approach of the military drew the greater part of them to the lawn before the door, and the unfortunate guager no sooner made his appearance than they simultaneously burst into a loud laugh, in which they were heartily joined by the lieutenant. In a few minutes the spectators were increased by the acquisition of house-servants, farm-servants, stable-boys, jockeys, and huntsmen; and after the man of excise had been turned and returned for the gratification of nearly all present, he was admitted to a private chamber, for the purpose of undergoing the necessary process of a thorough cleansing. In less than a quarter of an hour he appeared at the dinner-table, completely purified, and robed in a rusty suit of Mr. Neagle's hunting clothes. Several jokes, good, bad, and indifferent, were cracked at his expence; and the more he laboured to remove from himself the charge of

cowardice, the more he excited the mirth of the company. Miss Neagle alone seemed to take compassion on him, and at length succeeded in directing the attention of her father's guests to another subject. She inquired of the captain respecting his adventures during the day, and on hearing him describe his narrow escape from the pitchfork of the peasant, she evinced, or, at least, Thorndon thought she evinced, considerable anxiety.

'Pray,' asked Tim Duff, 'what kind of a fellow was he who so opportunely came to your aid?'

'Why, truly,' replied the lieutenant, 'he was none other than my guide of last night.'

'The pig doctor?'

'The same.'

'What dress did he wear?' asked Mr. Neagle. 'You could, of course, see him distinctly, captain?'

'Most assuredly,' answered Thorndon. 'He wore a long blue coat, which hung very carelessly about him, a hat like that ordinarily worn by the peasantry. His collar was open, the knees of his breeches unbuttoned, and I believe his stockings, though tightly gartered below the knee, were, like our modern atheists, unconscious of having soles.'

'Very good, captain,' said Tim Duff, 'we call such stockings *tracheens*. He wore brogues, of course.'

'He did.'

'And had a memorial of a deep scar on his right cheek?'

'I confess I did not see such a scar.'

'Oh, you didn't look particularly, captain?' continued Mr. Duff. 'You may depend on it 'twas there; and that brings my words true. Your deliverer was none other than that famous outlaw, Aodh Dhu.'

'I doubt that,' said Mr. Neagle. 'In the first place, Captain Thorndon could not but have seen the scar, were it there; secondly, the dress he has described is that worn by many; and, in the third place, Black Hugh is not the man who would interfere to save a fellow-creature's life, much less the life of one of his majesty's officers. You must know, Captain Thorndon,' continued the magistrate, 'that Aodh Dhu's family lived for many years on

my estate, experienced much kindness from me, and even Mrs. Neagle was nursed by his mother; yet the fellow has had the ingratitude to have three several times attempted my life.'

'Then I am sure,' replied Thorndon, 'that my friend is not Aodh Dhu; for I really consider him an honest harmless fellow, and regret much that in the flurry of the moment I forgot to give him a slight proof of my good opinion.'

'Be that as it may,' rejoined Mr. Neagle, 'Black Hugh cannot much longer escape detection. My neighbours here, and myself, have entered into an association for the purpose of apprehending him; and to-morrow, captain, we solicit from your Colonel an addition to the troops under your command, with permission for you to remain at Neaglebawn until the barony be tranquillized.'

Thorndon expressed his readiness, if permitted by his superior, to aid the exertion of the gentlemen present towards the establishment of good order through the country, and protested that he could not possibly have cause to complain while his headquarters should be fixed at Neaglebawn. The compliment seemed to give much satisfaction: the host, and Miss Neagle, were seen to bestow a most gracious smile on the gallant officer. Tim Duff was the only person present to whom the contemplated arrangement appeared to give displeasure. He was observed to knit his brows, and look angry. These indications, however, disappeared as the glass circulated; and the evening was spent in great good humour, though most of the guests were characterised neither by refined sentiments, nor attic wit. Intellectual repasts, at which men enjoy the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul,' are not now, nor I believe ever were, of frequent occurrence; and least of all in the houses of country squires fifteen years ago.

Mr. Neagle was a magistrate, and a man of property; that is, his estate was of vast extent; but, as his ancestors had bequeathed to him large incumbrances as well as his hereditary possessions, his annual income, though nominally considerable, was

sadly reduced by legal claimants. Enough, however, remained to secure him a respectable place among the ranks of the resident gentry; and he had the honour of being complimented by more judges than one for his attention, as a grand jurymen, to county business. Some hinted, however, that his conduct on these occasions was not quite disinterested. Indeed, it was alleged of him, as of many others, that though remarkable for mismanagement of his private affairs, he was always industrious in superintending the progress of a job. In England, turnpikes furnish endless employment for country gentlemen; but in Ireland roads and bridges give them abundant occupation. Mr. Neagle, in the eyes of his neighbours, was an 'honourable man,' because he acted as most others did. He enabled many of his tenantry to pay high rents by procuring a *presentment* for a mile or two of road through his own domain, or through some unfrequented district, to pass the ordeal of the grand jury; and, if report be true, he generally went *halves* with those who erected bridges at the expence of the county. Still he was an 'honourable man,' and always enjoyed that felicity sighed for by the good-natured Bacchanalian; for he 'ne'er wanted a friend nor a bottle to give him.' Potheen, however, was always preferred to port, at Neaglebawn; and, as the guests generally resembled the host, both in respect to rank and acquirements, no improvement resulted from the contact of similar intellects.

Still the parlour at Neaglebawn had witnessed many feats of merriment. 'The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind' was often heard there; and many were the 'gibes and jests' which passed for wit among its inmates. Mrs. Neagle having died soon after the birth of her first and only child, there was nothing of that restraint, which the presence of a virtuous female enacts, imposed upon the guests at Neaglebawn. They talked, sans intermission, about jockeys and gròoms, race horses, and game cocks; discussed the merits of obsequious beauties, and applauded the spirit of faithless wives; boasted of favours



they never received; and suggested infallible rules for conquering obstinate virtue. Each had killed his man and kept a mistress; and the host was most honoured, for he supported half a dozen.

The presence of Miss Neagle, who had not long returned from a boarding-school in Dublin, served to keep the gentlemen within somewhat reasonable bounds, consequently Thorndon's ears were not shocked, during the second evening, by the repetition of grossness which, happily, is now nearly banished from even the parlours of besotted squires.

## CHAPTER VI.

Thorndon was now fixed at Neaglebawn for some time. His colonel had sent him a reinforcement, with instructions to co-operate with the magistracy towards the apprehension of Aodh Dhu, whose nightly exploits were now filling the columns of the provincial press. Unlike most other terrestrial heroes, he possessed, like Sir Boyle Roache's bird, according to the public journals, the power of ubiquity; for, while one paper assured its readers—on the authority of that specious kind of information, private correspondence—that a farmer's house, in the south of the county of Tipperary, was burnt by Aodh Dhu in person, another—equally as positive—asserted that this outlaw, at that precise moment, was seen drilling his forces in the north of the same county. Whoever offended, Aodh Dhu was saddled with the crime; and, perhaps, one great motive of the magistrates in so earnestly desiring his apprehension arose from the conviction that the disaffected, deprived of such a convenient monster—to whom they were in the habit of attributing all their public sins—might be obliged to become somewhat more responsible for their individual transgressions.

The frost and snow had no sooner disappeared, than Mr. Neagle's association, assisted by the military under Thorndon's command, commenced the pursuit of Aodh Dhu. Large rewards were offered for his apprehension; and, in consequence of these, frequent information was given. Still they could never trace the outlaw to his hiding place; and

the country, instead of becoming more tranquil, gradually assumed a most deplorable aspect of discontent. Obnoxious farmers had their hay and corn consumed, their cattle houghed, and sometimes their dwellings burned. Lives were nightly sacrificed to lawless vengeance; tithe-proctors had to seek safety in flight; and treasonable notices became more common than ever. These invariably bore the signature of Aodh Dhu—a name unlike those generally affixed to such documents, for it was not imaginary. It was not the John Doe and Richard Roe of former or subsequent times—it was the appellation of a man personally known to thousands in the country. Such declarations of defiance were not to be tolerated by those to whom the public peace was intrusted; and, accordingly, every new act of lawless assumption increased the activity of the magistrates. They assembled more frequently under the authority of the Insurrection Act; and, as this incomparable piece of legislation resembled, in some measure, the comprehensive laws of Henry VIII., few could escape its meshes when Irish justices fished for Whiteboys. Fathers and sons, husbands and brothers, the old and the young, were shipped off to other climes for being absent from home after sunset. It is true, like Goldsmith's old sailor, they gave a tolerably good account of themselves, but their betters thought it no account at all, and, therefore, humanely denied them the hardships of suspense by hurrying them from the court-house to the transport ship. Indeed, many a poor wretch declared that he had not been tried at all; but as their workshops' decrees resembled the laws of the Medes and Persians, many a poor Paddy was doomed to die at Port Jackson of the exile's malady—the sickness of the heart—arising from hope deferred.

This legal process of 'braying' the wretched peasantry, as it were, in a 'mortar,' continued in operation for five or six weeks, during which time Thorndon was harassed beyond measure. He had to obey the sometimes contradictory and absurd orders of every booby magistrate. Whole nights were spent guarding a moun-

tain pass, through which information had been given that Whiteboys were to march; and, not unfrequently, himself and men were degraded to the office of sentinels over a resident landlord's turf-rick. The lieutenant, however, found some compensation at Neaglebawn for the fatigues endured in the discharge of a disagreeable duty. The daughter of his host was sprightly, intelligent, and, what was probably more apparent, she was handsome: qualities which reconcile men to ordinary women become peculiarly attractive when possessed by a young lady who has a large share of personal beauty, and who is withal—an heiress.

To do Thorndon justice, he was not conscious of these circumstances having influenced him in spending as much of his time as possible in the company of Miss Neagle. He found in her society a refined pleasure, arising from the sweetness of her disposition and polished conversation. She had been educated in Dublin, partly under the care of a maternal aunt, and partly in a boarding-school. The polish of city life had imparted to her manners a refinement free alike from affectation and coquetry; and, though the artless carelessness of the hoiden sometimes betrayed itself in her unstudied manners, the habitual correctness of her deportment derived additional charms from these occasional testimonies of buoyant spirits and harmless gaiety. As surrounding darkness renders the presence of a lonely beacon the more agreeable and the more conspicuous, perhaps Miss Neagle was indebted for Thorndon's attentions to the circumstance of her being the only intelligent person at Neaglebawn; and, though an epaulette on the shoulder is an attractive object to female eyes, no doubt the lieutenant's good qualities were greatly enhanced in consequence of the contrast they formed to the rude and slovenly manners of Mr. Neagle's guests.

True it is, whatever was the cause, the English officer and the Irish heiress took particular pleasure in the society of each other; and when the coercive measures resorted to in the neighbourhood of Neaglebawn forced the Whiteboys to carry on their ope-

rations at some distance, Thorndon and Caroline had more leisure to view the beauties of their immediate vicinity. Miss Neagle was deeply read in poetry and romance, and, of course, was a passionate admirer of rural scenery. The lieutenant, too, had a taste for the sublime; and, as spring approached, the neighbourhood of Neaglebawn unfolded beauties of so attractive a nature that they frequently went abroad to admire them. During these walks they talked of every thing but—love. The reason why remains a mystery; perhaps it was because they mutually felt it.

One morning at breakfast, when Mr. Neagle was absent on county business, Caroline appeared to want her usual flow of spirits. Thorndon inquired after her health, and was answered by a heavy sigh.

'Good God!' said he, with much anxiety, 'has any thing occurred to which I am a stranger to make you look so melancholy?'

'Indeed I can't say there has,' replied Caroline, 'at least any thing to which you would give credit when you hear it. We Irish,' she continued, 'entertain some strange notions—perhaps superstitious notions—at which our English neighbours laugh, as well as at our unpolished manners.'

'Respecting manners,' said Thorndon, 'perhaps there is much less difference than the inhabitants of either country are inclined to think; and, as for superstitious notions, you do us great injustice if you suppose we have not quite as many as yourselves.'

'Well then,' asked Caroline, 'didn't you hear a strange noise last night?'

'Not that I recollect.'

'That's very singular! the whole house heard it. I heard it myself; and my maid, Hannah, has informed me this morning that it was the *Banshee*.'

'The *Banshee*!' in the name of goodness, what is that?'

'A spirit which belongs to certain families, and whose office it appears to be to announce the approaching dissolution of some member of the house to which it is attached.'

Thorndon smiled.



'You may smile,' continued Caroline; 'but its actual existence is attested by so many credible witnesses, that it is hard to doubt but that such a spirit inhabits our country. Hannah heard it when it came to announce the death of my grandfather; and my father himself heard it a little before his late brother died.'

Thorndon in vain attempted to remove the impression which Hannah's details had made on her young mistress.

'Events,' said she, 'in a few days will prove whether it were the *Banshee* we heard last night or not. In the mean time I must beg of you to accompany me this evening to the cabin of a certain witch of Endor, which we have in these parts, and who, Hannah tells me, can probably avert the threatened calamity. I assure you that I have no faith in the fairy woman—none in the least—but you know the force of female curiosity.'

Thorndon smiled, but as Miss Neagle was determined on making application to the sorceress, he promised his company. In the evening they set out, attended by Hannah, for the habitation of the ancient Sibyl.—This edifice stood on the borders of a sterile and solitary heath, which lay within half an hour's walk of Neaglebawn. The cabin had been blackened by the smoke of half a century, while the moss-covered thatch, and propped walls, indicated the poverty of the possessor. Esther Walsh, though allowed by the surrounding peasantry to hold controul—not only over life and death—but over the actual conditions of men, was never in the enjoyment of affluence herself. She subsisted partly on the charity of her neighbours, and partly on the bounty of those who came to consult her respecting stolen linen, strayed cattle, and the other ills to which rustic life is subject. She performed all her cures by the help of a crucifix, and was constant in her attendance at chapel. The priest, on remonstrating with her on her unholy doings, was told that she made use of no prayers but those of the church, and, consequently, that there could be no harm in any thing she did.

'Then according to your rule,'

said the clergyman, 'Aodh Dhu is quite guiltless if he do all his wicked actions in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?'

To this Esther made no reply.

On the arrival of Miss Neagle and Thorndon, the fairy woman listened to their request; and, before making any reply, she said her prayers, then fetched a little silver crucifix, to the end of which three little bells were suspended. These she dipped in holy water, and then elevating the crucifix the bell on the right hand became violently agitated, while the other two continued motionless.

'The chief of the family is in danger,' said the Sibyl, 'and I can do nothing for him.'

With this explanation the visitors were obliged to be satisfied.

'Surely,' said Caroline, 'my father is the first of the family, and he was yesterday, thank God, in excellent health. In truth, Captain Thorndon, I believe you are right; it is all nonsense.'

Hannah, however, thought otherwise; and, though the spirits of her young mistress returned, under the influence of the evening air, and the 'gay officer's' conversation, the waiting maid shook her head significantly.

On their way home they had to pass by the ruins of a farm-house which the Whiteboys had burnt some years before; and, just as they drew near the blackened walls, loud cries and moans, as if proceeding from an old woman in distress, burst suddenly upon their ears.

'It is the *Banshee*!' cried Hannah; and, forgetting her duty to her mistress, fled home with astonishing rapidity. Caroline trembled; and Thorndon himself was not entirely convinced but that the voice was supernatural, for the cry was unlike any thing he had ever heard. He supported his fair companion, who leaned almost lifeless on his arm; and, when they reached the house, she was obliged from illness to retire to her apartment, and was unable to leave it during the entire of the next day.

In the mean time Thorndon had reflected on the occurrence of the preceding evening, but the more he

thought on it the less satisfied he became with his own conclusions. 'I'll hear it again,' said he; and, as the night fell, he walked towards the mud ruins. All was silence around; the moon rose in 'unclouded majesty,' and silvered over the surface of a neighbouring lake, while its beams served to show more distinctly the nature of the place from whence the voice had proceeded. The lieutenant stood upon an eminence, but could see nothing; he drew nearer, but all was stillness; he entered the arena, which was once a *bawn*, but could see nothing; he approached the aperture where once stood a door, and as he stepped inside of it, he heard a deep sigh. He involuntarily drew back—again resumed courage—peeped over an interior wall which shaded the fireplace, and saw a man sitting on a stone-bench, and leaning over the cold hearth. At that instant a moon beam fell upon the stranger—he raised his head—and Thorndon recognised in his care-worn countenance his friend—the pig doctor.

## MOLLY ASTORE.

[THERE are probably few of our readers who have not heard and admired the beautiful Irish air of 'Molly Astore;' but we believe very few of these readers have ever seen the Irish words which originally accompanied that air: these words are really worthy of the delightful music to which they were then 'married.' They are generally ascribed to M'Cabe, the friend of Carolan. The Irish copy lies (along with many other admirable originals) in the hands of Mr. Hardiman, of Dublin. The following version is from the pen of Mr. Thomas Furlong.]

Oh! Mary dear, bright peerless flower,  
Pride of the Plains of Nair;  
Behold me droop, through each dull hour,  
In soul-consuming care.  
In friends—in wine—where joy was found—  
No joy I now can see:  
But still, where Pleasure reigns around,  
I sigh—and think of thee.

The Cuckoo's notes I love to hear,  
When Summer warms the skies;  
When fresh the banks and brakes appear,  
And the flowers around us rise:  
That blithe bird sings her song so clear,  
And she sings where the sunbeams shine—  
Her voice is sweet—but, Mary dear,  
Not half so sweet as thine!

From town to town I've idly strayed,  
I've wandered many a mile;  
I've met with many a blooming maid,  
And owned her charms the while:  
I've gazed on some that then seemed fair,  
But when thy looks I see,  
I find there's none that can compare,  
My Mary dear, with thee!



## MR. CHARLES BUTLER ON THE LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE learned, mild, and indefatigable Catholic counsellor of Lincoln's Inn, has just favoured the world with the *Life of Erasmus*,\* a work which has been long a *desideratum* in English literature, and which, we have no hesitation in saying, remains a *desideratum*; yet, although Mr. Butler's previous studies ought to have qualified him in an eminent degree for the task, we are sorry to find that the volume before us indicates little or nothing of that critical research and historical detail which characterize the previous writings of the author. As there is no internal evidence of the publication being intended to answer any political, religious, or literary purpose, we can only conclude that it has been produced *con amore*, and that the counsellor, while writing it, indulged himself in one of those *dozes* into which even Homer, according to the critics, occasionally fell. At present, we will take no notice of Erasmus, because we intend giving a biographical sketch of this eccentric genius in our next, when the world will have an opportunity of doing justice to our abilities; for we purpose writing a better memoir in half a dozen pages, than Charles Butler has done in an octavo volume!

Although we have thus laid Erasmus on the shelf for another month, we have not yet shaken hands with the counsellor of Lincoln's Inn. On the contrary, we have filed a bill against him for serious and shameless omissions; and Mr. Charles Phillips, whom we have consulted on the occasion, has assured us of a verdict in our favour. The cause of our anger will be found in the introductory chapter to the *Life of Erasmus*, which purports to give an historical summary of the literature of the middle ages. That we may not be supposed guilty of misrepresentation,

we will here insert it entire, with the exception of one or two irrelevant passages.

Having described the causes which effected the destruction of Roman literature, Mr. Butler continues: 'The barbarians assaulted the empire on every side, without distinction between what was sacred and what was profane, and, without respect for age or sex, destroyed or ravaged all around them. In this general wreck, the arts, the sciences, all the inventions and discoveries of the Romans disappeared. The knowledge of remote regions was lost, their situations, their conveniences, and almost their names were forgotten.

'By degrees the fury of the invaders subsided, but at first this was attended with no advantage; the human mind neglected, enervated and depressed, sunk into the most profound ignorance, and the lamp of science seemed extinguished in every part of the western empire.

'Yet, after much consideration, the writer is inclined to think, that the ignorance produced by the devastations of the barbarians was at no time so great as is generally supposed; so that, in every part of what are termed the dark ages, there was less ignorance and superstition than is generally represented. It may be added, that there are grounds to suspect that the dispersion of these was earlier, and that sound learning and science began to revive in Europe sooner than is generally imagined.†

'We shall shortly state some facts, which may be thought to prove this assertion, as it may be applied to the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

"1. *In the tenth century*, and the four centuries which immediately preceded it, there appeared, more particularly in France and Italy," says Simonde de Sismondi, as he is trans-

\* 'The Life of Erasmus; with historical Remarks on the State of Literature between the tenth and sixteenth Centuries. By Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. London: John Murray, 1825.'

† Doctor Henry (book 1. ch. iv. s. 1.) observes, that "the darkness of that long night of ignorance which over-shadowed Europe, from the fall of the western empire to the revival of learning in the sixteenth century, was not equally profound at all times and in all places; in Britain, particularly, some gleam of light appeared at different times."

lated by Mr. Roscoe,\* "some judicious historians, whose style possesses considerable vivacity, and who have given animated pictures of their times; some subtle philosophers, who astonish us rather by the fineness of their speculations than by the justness of their reasoning; some learned theologians, and some poets. The names of Paul Warnefrid, of Alcuin, of Luitprand and of Eginhard, are even yet universally respected. They all, however, wrote in Latin. They had all of them, by the strength of their intellect, and the happy circumstances in which they were placed, learned to appreciate the beauty of the models which antiquity had left them. They breathed a spirit of a former age, as they had adopted its language; in them we do not find the representatives of their contemporaries; it is impossible to recognise in their style, the times in which they lived; it only betrays the relative industry and felicity with which they imitated the language and thoughts of a former age. They do not belong to modern literature. They were the last monuments of civilized antiquity; the last of a noble race, which, after a long period of degeneracy, became extinct in them."†

\* 2. Before the *eleventh century*, the arts and sciences had begun to flourish, under the protection of the Mahometan princes of Persia, Bagdad, Africa and Spain.‡ In all these countries the studies of medicine, astronomy and dialectic, the science of numbers, poetry, and other branches of polite literature were cultivated with success, and the works of Aristotle and some other authors were translated from the Greek language into the Arabic. Much learning also remained at Constantinople, and in the adjacent provinces. By degrees they attracted the attention, first of the Italians, and afterwards of the

northern inhabitants of Europe, and many inquisitive spirits travelled in quest of learning to the Greeks of the eastern empire, or to the Arabians in Bagdad, Spain or Africa, and returned with considerable literary spoil. Of these, Gerbert, who afterwards became Pope, under the name of Sylvester the Second, deserves particular mention. A thirst of knowledge had led him to Cordova; he acquired, in that celebrated seat of Moorish literature, an extensive knowledge of mathematics, geometry and astronomy. On his return to France, he drew the notice of Adalberon, Archbishop of Rheims, and, under his auspices, opened a school in that city. Hugh Capet and several of the principal nobility of France sent their children to it for education. It is probable that he first introduced into Europe the Arabic system of notation,—perhaps, the most useful of all discoveries in science.§

3. The *twelfth century* presents a visible increase of literary ardour. Here the scholastics particularly engage our attention. Deserting the method by which religion and philosophy had been formerly taught, these professed to convey the knowledge of them by the driest mode of scholastic disputation, conforming throughout, both their principles and their manner of inculcating them, to the philosophy of Aristotle and his system of argumentation. Treading in his steps, and some of them gifted with a large portion of his genius, they often astonish by the subtlety and closeness of their reasoning, and the sublime and curious truths which they elicit; but they are too often chargeable with obscurity, with excess of refinement, and with the want of real importance in the subjects of their investigations.

“No preceptors ever had more nu-

\* “Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe, by J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi, translated from the original, with notes, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq.”—Vol. i. p. 21.

† Few discerning readers of the passage cited in the text will not admire it; they may think that Dr. Cave should have paused before he denominated the tenth century the “*sæculum obscurum*.”

‡ Simonde de Sismondi, vol. i. ch. 2. The reflections at the end of this chapter are very interesting.

§ It is observable that, in the preceding century, Campanus, a mathematician of Lombardy, had translated into Latin the Elements and Data of Euclid; the former was printed at Venice, in 1482; the latter at Basle, in 1546.



merous or zealous disciples: Mr. Berington, in his learned and interesting history of Abeillard and Heloisa, speaking of these times, observes,\* that "the schools, as we know, from the histories of the age, were not only filled with students, as at present, but men in years, persons of distinction, fathers of families, and ministers of state, after the toils of the day were over, crowded to them as to a theatre of amusement." The same writer adds, that† "when Abeillard taught in the convent of Saint Denys, more than three thousand scholars are said, by some authors, to have attended his lectures. When he left this convent, and retired to the convent of Nogent in Champagne, the lovers of science pursued and discovered him;" and, "before the end of the first year, exceeded six hundred. Situated in a forest, exposed to the inclement seasons, without a single convenience to smooth the rugged life, or without one amusement, except what literary pursuits, scientific conversation, and their own society could supply;—in Abeillard they saw the divine Plato; in themselves, that illustrious group of disciples which had given renown to the academic walks of Athens."‡ We may lament that the instruction given them was not more elegant or more useful, but it is impossible to deny the thirst of knowledge, or the mental activity of the scholars;—ignorant—it would be injustice to call them. "In the twelfth century," says Dom Rivet,§ "men of letters were most abundantly multiplied; a prodigious number of writings, on every subject, and sometimes of a very interesting nature, appeared"

"4. In the thirteenth century, the rays of science became brighter and were more generally diffused. The formation of the Italian republics raised, in every part of that ample territory, a spirit of mental energy,

which equally discovered itself in commerce and the polite arts. Many edifices of the most exquisite gothic architecture were raised: Cimabue, the father of the modern school of painting, adorned them with the efforts of his art; Brunelleschi received at Florence the forms of ancient architecture; and Danté produced the *divina comedia*.||

' In the Netherlands, the elegant arts equally flourished. No one, who has seen the long line of magnificent towns in Belgium, can have surveyed, without admiration, the many public edifices of exquisite and costly architecture, and the numberless works in marble, gold, silver, iron and bronze, which decorate them; many may be traced to the period of which we are speaking.

' In the same period, France discovered similar ardour. The church of Notre Dame, at Rouen, and the cathedrals of Amiens and Strasbourg show, that in the architecture of the times, France did not yield to Italy.

' If we compare the *state of letters in England* with that of foreign countries, during the tenth, eleventh and thirteenth centuries, she will not suffer by the comparison. William the Conqueror was learned, and a patron of learning; Henry the First, his youngest son, was the most learned prince, and the greatest promoter of learning in his age; this procured for him the name of Beauclerk, or the Fine Scholar; Henry the Second was the most powerful monarch in Europe: besides his sovereignties of England and Ireland, he was master, in right of his father, of his mother, and of his wife, of more than a third part of the provinces which then composed the French monarchy. He possessed great abilities, and inherited from his father a taste for literature and the arts. "When he could enjoy leisure," says Hume, "he recreated himself in conversation or in

\* Page 10.

† Page 127.

‡ Page 123.

§ Histoire Littéraire de France, vol. ii. (Etat des Lettres en France durant le cours du douzième siècle.

|| The legacy which William, King of Sicily, who had married Joan, a daughter of Henry the 2d, King of England, left to this monarch, shows both the wealth and progress of art in that period; it consisted of a table of gold, twelve feet in length, and one foot and a half in breadth; a tent of silk sufficiently capacious to hold 2,000 persons; 60,000 measures of wine, 60,000 of wheat, and 60,000 of barley; with one hundred galleys equipped and provisioned for two years.—*Lingard's History*, vol. ii. p. 155.

reading, and he cultivated his natural abilities, by study, above any prince of his time." Throughout his reign, England made great advances in learning and the polite arts. If we were required to name the golden æra of the middle ages, we could not assign any which better deserved this appellation, than the reign of this monarch; it was distinguished by its improvements in architecture, particularly by an universal increase of dimension, the sharp pointed arch resting on the slender column, and the leafy moulding. These Mr. Miller\* mentions among the characteristics of the Norman style of architecture. He supposes it to have flourished from the Norman conquest to the reign of John. At the close of his account of it, he says, "Let us not quit this topic, without paying a due tribute of admiration to the liberality and magnificence of those, whose mighty works we have been endeavouring to characterize. Almost all the cathedrals in England and Wales, a prodigious number of splendid monasteries and parish churches, in every part of the kingdom, were erected by them, in little more than one century." Considering the concomitant learning, which architectural eminence presupposes, it is impossible that there should not have existed, in the times of which we are

speaking, a considerable diffusion of art, science, literature, and mental energy.

'One of the most valuable monuments of the literature of the middle ages,—the correspondence of Saint Thomas of Canterbury,—belongs to this reign. The writers express themselves with a conscious elevation of rank and character, with sense and spirit; they discover an extensive knowledge of sacred and profane literature; and their frequent allusions to the classics, show their acquaintance with those precious remains of antiquity. It is surprising that it did not lead them to a purer style. The same may be said of many of the historians of these times. Sir Henry Saville preferred William of Malmesbury to all other historians, with whom he was acquainted, both for judiciousness and fidelity: Bishop Warburton speaks, in terms equally high, of Matthew Paris.

'But the wonder of the thirteenth century is *Roger Bacon*.† It is a disgrace to his countrymen, that neither a complete collection of his works, nor a full and able account of his life and literary labours, has yet appeared.

'5. Throughout the *fourteenth century* the progress of literature was always on the increase. We have noticed the *scholastics*; the fourteenth

\* Description of the Cathedral Church of Ely, p. 27.

† He first studied at Oxford; thence he removed to Paris, and took the degree of doctor in that university. 'After his return to Oxford,' says Mr. Chalmers, in his 'General Biographical Dictionary,' 'he was considered, by the greatest men in that university, as one of the ablest and most indefatigable inquirers after knowledge, that the world ever produced; and, therefore, they not only showed him all due respect, but likewise, conceiving the greatest hopes from his improvement in the method of study, they generally contributed to his expenses; so that he was enabled to lay out, within the compass of two years, no less than two thousand pounds (an immense sum in those times), in collecting curious authors, making trials of various kinds, and in the construction of different instruments, for the improvement of knowledge.' He was master of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; deeply versed in all branches of mathematics; in the sciences of optics, geography, astronomy, and chemistry. The composition and effects of gunpowder were probably discovered by him, he certainly made great discoveries in chemistry. He had enemies, but he had many powerful friends, and he was patronized by every pope of his time. The encouragement which he received from his countrymen has been mentioned. A nation, in which there was so much science on one side, and so much patronage and encouragement of science on the other, must have contained a great stock of intelligence. It must be added, that, while Roger Bacon was employed in the manner we have mentioned, John Holywood, Yorkshire, Durham, and Dublin contend, was considerably extending the boundaries of science. He acquired from the Moors in Spain, and communicated, both to England and France, the system of circulating decimals, the uttermost extension of pure arithmetic.



century is the æra of their greatest elevation, and is called, upon that account, by Doctor Cave, the "*Sæculum Scholasticum*."

'The sublime doctrines of Plato, on the Deity, the immortality of the soul, and the beauty of virtue; the nobleness of his conceptions, the general purity of his morality, and the exquisite beauty of his style, recommended him to the early doctors of the church. To all, except the most profound thinkers, the manner of Aristotle was repulsive; and several of the early enemies of Christianity urged some of his principles, or rather the consequences, which they themselves deduced from them, against her. In this they were imitated by the modern manichees, the Jews, and the Saracens of Africa, Asia, and Spain. This raised, in the Christian teachers and writers, a strong prejudice against the Stagyrte.

'In an attentive perusal of the writings of this great man, although in a bad Latin translation, St. Thomas of Aquin, one of the sublimest geniuses which the world has produced, saw their prodigious value. He perceived that the principles of Aristotle had been misunderstood and abused; and that, after the utmost allowance of error which could be justly charged upon him, an abundance of what was supremely excellent would remain, and might be made incalculably serviceable to the Christian cause. This he showed in a multitude of works composed by him upon Aristotelian principles, and in the Aristotelian method. Thus, in his hands, Aristotle, to use the expression of a learned writer,\* became orthodox, and furnished new arms against the enemies of the church. From this time public opinion respecting Aristotle went in an opposite direction, and every Christian, as well as every Saracenic school, was Aristotelian.

'But, in the *fourteenth century*, some hardy spirits disturbed Aristotle's reign by a spirit of free inquiry, which then discovered itself, and has ever since been on the increase. "In

all the Latin provinces," says Mo-sheim,† "schemes were laid and carried into execution with considerable success, for promoting the study of letters, improving taste, and dispelling the pedantic spirit of the times. This laudable spirit gave rise to the erection of many schools and academies, in which all the liberal arts and sciences, distributed into the same classes that still subsist in them, were taught with assiduity and zeal."—"Pope Clement V. who was now raised to the papacy, ordered the Hebrew and the other oriental languages to be taught in the public schools, that a sufficient number of missionaries might be qualified to dispute with the Jews and Mahometans, and to diffuse the divine light of the gospel throughout the east; in consequence of which appointment, some eminent proficient in those tongues, and especially the Hebrew, flourished during this age. The Greek language, which had hitherto been much neglected, was revived and taught with general applause."

'This general representation, particularly if we consider by whom it was made, renders any mention of particular writers or particular facts unnecessary. We must, however, observe, that New College, Oxford, was expressly founded by William of Wickham, for teaching the three learned languages.‡

'6. In the middle of the *fifteenth century*, learning,—to use the known expression of Milton, in his defence of the liberty of the press,—"as an eagle moving in his mighty youth, began to kindle an undazzled eye at the full mid-day beam, purging and unsealing her long abused sight at the fountain of heavenly radiance." From this æra, therefore, the renovation of letters must be dated: it was principally owing to the learned Greeks, who, after the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet I. and also during many previous years, in which that triumph of the Mahometan arms had been foreseen, retired into Italy, and taught many of its inhabitants, as Bocace, Politian, Valla, John Picus,

\* The Rev. Alban Butler's *Life of St. Thomas of Aquin.*

† *Ecclesiastical Hist.* Part II. c. 1. s. 2, 3.

‡ Knight's *Life of Collet*, Ox. Ed. 1823, p. 15.

Mirandola, and Marcilius Ficinus, the Greek literature with success. From this time, classical literature began to flourish: every branch of learning, every science, and every art, found munificent *protectors*.\*

This, Heaven knows, is *jejune* enough. In truth we have, when a school-boy, been all but flogged for a better-written thesis; but we do not find fault with Mr. Butler for the poverty of his style—for the paucity of his facts—or for their ill arrangement: we have higher grounds on which to quarrel; and we hereby charge him with wilful omission—a want of historical accuracy—and a shameful act of injustice towards a nation, to which Europe, but more particularly England, is indebted for the resuscitation of piety and letters, subsequently to the irruption of the barbarians.

Among the opponents of Emancipation, there are many who imagine that a kind of religious sympathy binds the whole Catholic community in one indestructible bond of political union; and that, however separated by circumstances, they mutually regard each other with feelings of kindness and esteem. As history is generally a dead letter to all who entertain this opinion, it would be worse than useless to refer them to the past. We shall, therefore, prove their notion in this respect fallacious, by adducing the simple fact, that the people of Ireland—who may be called a Catholic people—are held in the most solemn contempt by such of the *English* people as are called *Catholics*. We say this from personal experience; and, were proofs needed, we could furnish them in abundance. In fact, we have uniformly found anti-Irish prejudices much stronger among this body,\* than among their Protestant countrymen; and we were once compelled to listen, during a whole evening, to an English priest, who unceasingly reviled his brethren of the

Sister Isle; not, of course, for their religion, but for what he was pleased to call their superstition, ignorance, &c. &c. Indeed, to such a length is this ridiculous and contemptible feeling carried, that one of the Vicars Apostolical, not long since, begged of a candidate for holy orders, who claimed the superfluous O, to have his name *Anglicised*.

We will make no apology for speaking thus candidly of the English Catholics; for we do so 'more in sorrow than in anger;' and we regret much that Mr. Charles Butler has not risen above that littleness and folly of which we complain. In the present instance his *ultra* conciliating disposition, or silly dread of ridicule, has prevented him from doing an act of literary justice towards an injured country. 'By degrees,' says he, 'the fury of the invaders subsided; but at first this was attended with no advantage. The human mind, neglected, enervated, and depressed, sunk into the most profound ignorance, and the lamp of science seemed extinguished in every part of the WESTERN EMPIRE.'

Such are Mr. Butler's words; but he does not tell us where literature found a home. He must have known, if he had read the authors whom he quotes, that the lamp of literature and science was not extinguished in every part of the West. He knew, but had neither the courage nor the honesty to confess it, that in IRELAND were preserved and cultivated those arts and letters which had been banished from every other country in Europe. But such has been Mr. Butler's antipathy to every thing Irish, that neither Ireland, nor the name of any of her learned men, occur in the whole of his dissertations on the literature of the middle ages.

We call this, and have a right to call it, a culpable and shameless omission. 'Whatever controversy,' says the Rev. Mr. Walsh, in his impartial and well-written History of

\* We, of course, except from this charge all Irish Catholics residing in England, and such Catholics as are of Irish descent. Were it not for this body, we are quite confident a murmur of complaint would never be heard from the Catholics of England. The titled helots who compose the English Catholic aristocracy, seem even incapable, if left to themselves, of entertaining the desire of being free from penal restraints. Yet these are the men who affect to sneer at the Irish Catholics—to censure those who have endeavoured to infuse into their body something of public spirit.



Dublin,\* 'the original colonization of Ireland, and other facts of her early history may have caused, however the advocates of her early civilization may differ from the assertors of her more recent barbarism, there is yet one claim that is openly or tacitly admitted by all,—a passion for literature in every period of her history. When hordes of northern barbarians had burst into southern Europe, and centuries of war and rapine had extinguished almost every ray of knowledge, Ireland,† remote and insulated, enjoyed a happy tranquillity; devoted to learning, she not only produced men of genius, who were successively eminent in different parts of Europe, but also, at home, displayed an attachment to the sciences and a generous ardour to promote them, unparalleled perhaps in the annals of literature. She not only liberally endowed seminaries for the instruction of native pupils, but she invited every foreigner to participate in the same pursuit, and with a disinterested liberality, unknown in the similar establishments of any people in their highest state of refinement, she defrayed every expense, and gratuitously supplied her literary guests with every accommodation.‡

'It was thus, that not only the natives were highly improved, but Ireland was crowded with learned strangers,§ who having no means of prosecuting their studies at home, flocked to this Athens || of the middle

ages from every part of Europe; and while native genius received liberal encouragement and was highly cherished in its native land, foreign talents were invited to participate, and received into a secure and hospitable asylum.'

'That the Hibernians,' says the erudite Mosheim,¶ 'were lovers of learning, and distinguished themselves in those TIMES OF IGNORANCE, by the culture of the sciences beyond ALL OTHER EUROPEAN NATIONS, travelling the most distant lands, with a view to improve and to communicate their knowledge, is a fact with which I have been long acquainted, as we see them in the most authentic records of antiquity, discharging with the highest reputation and applause, the function of doctors in France, Germany, and Italy, both during this and the following century. But that these Hibernians were the first teachers of scholastic theology in Europe, and so early as the 8th century illustrated the doctrines of religion by the principles of philosophy, I learned but lately from the testimony of Benedict, Abbot of Aniane, in the province of Languedoc, who lived in this period, and some of whose productions are published by Baluzius, in the fifth tome of his *Miscellanea*. This learned abbot, in his letter to Guaranius, expresses himself thus:—"Apud modernos scholasticos (maxime apud Scotos) est syllogismus delusionis, ut dicant, Trinitatem

\* Vol. II. p. 1317.

† Carens bellis externis.—Bede.

‡ Bede has these remarkable words: 'Quos omnes Scoti libentissime suscipientes victum quotidianum sine pretio, libros quoque ad legendum et magisterium gratuito præberi curabant.' (Lib. 3, cap. xxvii.) Bede was born in the year 678.

§ It was here that Alfred retired to study: 'In Hibernia omni philosophia animum composuit.' (Gul. Malm. lib. 1.) Alfred was the politest and most learned person in Europe. On his return from his studies he invited Johannes Erigena to his court, and about that time founded the University of Oxford. Possibly on the model of Lismore, or some university in Ireland where he had studied.

|| 'Amandatus est ad disciplinam in Hibernia' was the necessary character to constitute the polite and learned gentleman of the middle ages, no less sought after than the 'Doctus Athenis vivere' among the Romans.

'Certatim hi properant diverso tramite ad urbem Lismoriam, juvenis primos ubi transigit annos.'

says Morinus in his life of the founder of the university of Lismore, county Waterford. Iviit ad Hibernos Sophia mirabili claros.—Vita Sullegeni in Camden.

Du temps du Charlemagne 200 ans après *omnis* vera docti étoient d'Irlande.—Sealiger the younger.

¶ Ecc. Hist. Cent. VIII. Disciplinis, quibus primum eruditi solebant juvenes traditis ad geometriam & physicam itum suit. Deinde plurimum temporis in questionibus acutis & spinosis, ex philosophia petitis, & ad mysteria etiam religionis applicatis consumptum. Murray. Nov. Comm. Gottingen. T. ii. p. 117.

sicut personarum, ita esse substantiarum." By this it appears, that the Irish divines made use of a certain syllogism, which Benedict calls delusive, *i. e.* fallacious and sophistical, to demonstrate that the Persons in the Godhead were substances: a captious syllogism this, as we may see from what follows, and also every way proper to throw the ignorant into the greatest perplexity: "quatenus si adsenserit illectus auditor, Trinitatem esse trium substantiarum deum, trium derogetur cultor deorum: sin autem abnuerit, personarum denegator culpetur." From hence it appears, that the philosophical or scholastic theology among the Latins, is of more ancient date than is commonly imagined.\* Thus far Mosheim. The fact here stated had escaped the diligence of the indefatigable author of the Critical History of Philosophy, who\* joins in the common opinion, that scholastic theology began about the 11th century. Mosheim adds, 'that the Irish, who in the 8th century were known by the name of Scots, were the only divines who refused to dishonour their reason by submitting it implicitly to the dictates of authority; naturally subtle and sagacious, they applied their philosophy to the illustration of the truths and doctrines of religion; a method which was almost generally abhorred and exploded in all other nations. This subtlety and sagacity enabled them to comprehend with facility the dialectic art, and their profound knowledge of the Greek language contributed materially to the same end.'

While Ireland was the abode of literature and arts, England was sunk into the most profound ignorance. From the Humber to the Thames, according to *Asser*, in his Life of Alfred the Great, there was not a priest who understood the Liturgy in the mother tongue; and the same author informs us, that from the Thames to the sea there was not one able to translate the easiest piece of Latin. From this state of barbarism England was rescued by the labour of Irish scholars, who even in the 7th century felt all the consciousness of that re-

finement which literature bestows. *Quid te charissime Pater ad has barbarous gentes deduxit* was the address of St. Chilian to a countryman on meeting him about this time in France.

We will mention one or two of the eminent men which Ireland produced in the dark ages. Virgil, surnamed Solivagus, belongs to the 8th century. Having passed, like many of his countrymen, into France, he was appointed by Pope Stephen and King Pepin to the see of Saltzburgh. His learning was not confined to theology and profane history. He was deeply read in Greek literature, and acquainted with the 'doctrines of the antipodes and the earth's sphericity. This being the Pythagorean system, a new one sprang up of the earth's being a plane, which was defended by Lucretius, Pliny, Ptolemy, Lactantius, and St. Augustine, and continued to prevail till Copernicus revived the old one. Virgil must have read Plutarch, Diogenes, Laertius, Proclus, Stobæus, and probably other writers not now extant, to be convinced of the reasonableness and truth of the Pythagorean notion. This, while it shows the philosophical studies of the Irish, demonstrates their attachment to the Greek school and fathers above the Roman. Virgil's superior accomplishments dazzled the eyes and roused the jealousy of Boniface, Archbishop of Mentz, who with all rancour of ignorance persecuted our countryman.†

'In the ninth century, the Muses,' says Ledwich, an authority which cannot be accused of partiality to Ireland, 'began to desert their ancient seat, and seek protection in foreign climates from the Ostman invasion. "Why should I mention Ireland?" says Eric of Auxerre: "almost the whole nation, despising the dangers of the sea, resort to our coasts with a numerous train of philosophers, of whom the most learned enjoin themselves a voluntary banishment, to be in the service of our most wise Solomon." The prince here meant was Charles the Bald, who, like his predecessor, flattered the Hibernian literati to his court.—

\* Bruker, T. 3. p. 371. Hobbes. Leviath. c. 46.

† Ledwich's Antiquities.



Among these distinguished emigrants was Johannes Scotus Erigena. Mr. Warton \* makes him a native of Aire in Scotland; Gale, his editor, says he was called Erigena from Ergene, a district in Herefordshire. By Pithæus and † Vossius he is styled Heruligena, instead of Hibernigena, and Bale is positive he was born at St. David's in Wales. To these I oppose Anastasius, Librarian of the Roman see, his rival and contemporary, who expressly ‡ calls him Scotigena, and, with all the insolence of affected superiority, describes him as a barbarian placed on the extremity of the globe. Burton, in his history of the Greek language, says he was an § Irishman, and so do Conringius and Mosheim. The latter thus speaks of him: "The philosophy and logic that were taught in the European schools in the ninth century, scarcely deserved such honourable titles, and were little better than an empty jargon. There were however to be found in various places, particularly among the Irish, men of acute parts and extensive knowledge, who were perfectly well entitled to the appellation of philosophers. The chief of these was Johannes Scotus Erigena, a native of Ireland, the friend and companion of Charles the Bald. Scotus was endowed with an excellent and truly superior genius, and was considerably versed both in Greek and Latin erudition. He explained to his disciples the philosophy of Aristotle, for which he was singularly well qualified by his thorough knowledge of the Greek language: but as his genius was too bold and aspiring to confine itself to the authority and decisions of the Stagyrte, he pushed his philosophical researches yet farther, dared to think for himself, and ventured to pursue truth without any other guide than his own reason. We have extant of his composition, five books concerning the division of nature, an intri-

cate and subtle production, in which the causes and principles of all things are investigated, with a considerable degree of sagacity, and in which also the precepts of Christianity are allegorically explained, yet in such a manner as to show, their ultimate end is the union of the soul with the Supreme Being. He was the first who blended the scholastic theology with the mystic, and formed them into one system."

\* Scotus translated from Greek into Latin Dionysius Areopagita's Hierarchy. This had been sent to Louis the Pious, by Michael Balbus, the Greek Emperor, A. D. 824, as an extraordinary present, and he importuned Louis's son, Charles the Bald, to have it rendered into a language more intelligible to him and his subjects. This was one of those supposititious works set forth under ancient names, before noticed, this being probably || composed by Synesius, Bishop of Ptolemais in the beginning of the fifth century. Scotus was very adequate to the task, yet he expresses his apprehensions of being unequal to it. It is, says he, a performance difficult and crabbed, uncommon and obscure, both by reason of its antiquity, and its celestial mysteries. About seven years after this version was made, Anastasius, before named, writ an epistle to the Emperor Charles on this subject, and expresses his surprise how a barbarian at the extremity of the world, and remote from the conversation of the learned, could arrive at such a knowledge of the Greek tongue. But, adds he, it is the blessed Spirit alone, which gave him the gift of languages. I allege this passage to show, that Greek was commonly taught and well understood at this time in Ireland. We have ¶ a tract by Scotus "De differentiis et societatibus Græci Latiniq[ue] verbi," extracted from a larger work of Macrobius, in which he treats of Greek tenses, of defective verbs and the

\* Hist. of English Poetry. Diss. 2. In this I think he follows Dempster.

† Fabric. Bib. Lat. p. 797.

‡ Vir ille barbarus, qui in finibus mundi positus. Usser. Syll. p. 65.

§ Possemus his addere virum longe doctissimum, Johannem Erigenam Scotum, id est, Hibernigenam, e Scotia ortum; hoc enim nomine celebris olim Hibernia, pag. 53. Conring. Antiq. Acad. Supp. 31.

|| La Croze, Christianisme d'Ethiop. 10. But see Bruker, T. 3. p. 507.

¶ Fabric. Bid. Lat. p. 622.

March, 1826.

forms of words. Nor did he excel less in theology than in the other sciences, as Dupin and Bruker amply prove.

"In the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries," says the same author, "Ireland still preserved her literary reputation, though she could not escape the contagion and infelicity of the times. Osbern, a monk of Canterbury,\* observes that learning seems to have been natural to the Irish from long habit, and that there were many and illustrious men among them admirably instructed in sacred and profane literature. We shall be the better able to estimate the value of this eulogium by knowing, that Osbern is praised, by an excellent judge,† for the beauty and eloquence of his Latin style, and for his matchless skill in music."

'But it was not alone in literature and theology that Irishmen excelled.

They must have made a great proficiency in the arts of painting and sculpture. Even if we reject the testimony of Cogitosus, we cannot refuse credit to Cambrensis, an enemy of Ireland. In the church of Kildare he saw a concordance of the four gospels which he thus describes: "The margin," says he, "was ornamented with mystic pictures most wonderfully and animatingly finished. The writing, but particularly the capital letters, were so highly ornamented, that neither the pencil of an *Apelles*, nor the chisel of a *Lysippus*, ever formed the like. In a word, they seem to have been executed by something more than mortal hand.'

Surely here are proofs enough, that Ireland deserved to be mentioned, by Mr. Charles Butler, of Lincoln's Inn, when treating of the literature of the middle ages.

#### NEGLECTED IRISH MELODIES.—NO. III.

'My bark is lightly dancing.'—*ATR.‡*—'*I oft had heard of a old man.*'

My bark is lightly dancing  
Upon the moonlight sea;  
Heaven's eyes are fondly glancing,  
And watching, love, for thee;  
Each breeze is gently sighing,  
The billows laugh for thee;  
Then haste thee, love! be flying  
From this cold earth with me.  
The whispering winds are hushed, love!  
Hushed, then, be all thy fear—  
Nor be thy cheek thus flushed, love!  
Thine own true love is near.  
We'll leave the world behind us;  
The stars alone will shine,  
Nor eyes but theirs e'er find us;  
Then haste thee—fly—be mine!  
And, while we're wafted over  
To yon bright summer isle,  
Say, wilt thou bless thy lover  
With Beauty's warmest smile?  
But quickly, dearest maiden,  
Descend and fly with me!  
My bark is lightly laden,  
And only waits for thee.

Dublin.

M. R. N.

\* Hibernos, quia quod aliis bona voluntas in consuetudinem, hoc illis consuetudo vertit in naturam. Quorum multi atque illustres viri divinis ac sæcularibus literis nobiliter eruditi. Wharton, Ang. Sac. par. 2. p. 91—92.

† Guil. Malm. de Reg. Ang. c. 8.

‡ The air to which these lines are appended is one of those curious melodies of such constant occurrence in our national music; and which, to be described, must be felt: bold, yet tender; lively, but dashed with a melancholy spirit; simple, yet surpassing in expression the ornate compositions of the more ambitious school of modern music.



## CORRIN THIERNA.\*

HAVING some little business in Cork, and residing at this time about twenty-three miles from that city, on the bounds of the county of Waterford, I arose about seven to commence my journey. I breakfasted; and, never having gone such a distance afoot before, made more than usual preparation, so that it was nearly nine when I set out. As I was obliged by my business to take in the towns of Castle Lyons and Fermoy, my road was lengthened by some miles more than I had calculated on. It was three o'clock when I entered the sign of the Cow at the cross of Castle Lyons; where, having produced my store of bread, cheese, and cold meat, I sat down to dinner, and inviting a respectable-looking farmer (as farmers go in Ireland), who sat opposite, to join me in my meal, he complied, and we soon became as thick as pickpockets. One word brought another, and we discovered, in the course of conversation, that some of his acquaintance were mine also; particularly the Roman Catholic curate of his parish, with whom I read at school, from Cook's Analysis up to Virgil. When we had finished our meal, and taken a glass or two of punch, for which, by the way, no entreaties could prevail on the farmer to allow me to pay, he said I might as well mount behind him for so far as our journey lay together. I had still thirteen miles to travel, and you may be sure I gladly accepted the offer.

My companion, who was very communicative, did all in his power to lighten the road, by relating what he new of the proprietors of the different mansions which lay in our course; until at length, a sudden turn bringing Corrin Thierna in our sight, whose steep and barren ruggedness, surmounted with a pile of loose stones, apparently collected there for the purpose of building, had before attracted my curiosity as I passed beneath its base. I pointed it out to my Cicerone, and asked whether he could inform me for what purpose those stones had been thus heaped together.

'Faith, and that I could,' he replied; 'but 'tis an old story, an old

fable, not worth listening to; but I'll tell you one that happened very lately, and, what's more, 'tis as true as you're sitting there.'

'Well, no matter for that,' says I, 'tell me the old story first, and you can tell me the latter one after: we ought always pay a regard to chronology in these things.'

'To what?' says he.

'Oh, nothing,' says I; 'go on.'

'Well, long and merry ago,' says he, after some preparatory hemming and coughing, (for I have observed countrymen will never tell a story, however short, without previous preparation, and alteration of their tone,) — 'long and merry ago there was a king' —

'Why merry? why was long ago more merry than the present time?'

'Faith I don't know,' says he, 'but that's the way I heard the story, and so all old stories begin.'

I thought on poor Trim's unfortunate King of Bohemia, and bade him go on his own way.

'Well, then, long and merry ago there was a certain king, or great man, that owned all the country round about this place, and he married a most beautiful lady that was a foreigner, and they lived very happily together, ony they had no childer, and that made the lady very melancholy and uneasy; the king, too, took it greatly to heart, but he would not let on for fear of making his wife worse. Well, he had a fallin out with some other king in the neighbourhood, and he collected his men, and went out to battle. The skirmishin lasted for some time; and while he was away his lady proved big with child. News was sent out to her husband, and the very same day that the messenger arrived he was after gainin a great battle over the others; so he made it up with them very easily that he might come back to see his wife. He was hardly across the bridge of his castle when the lady was delivered of as fine a boy as ever you laid your two lookin eyes on; and nee laa fose e † if there was not bon-fires, feastin, and fun, for twenty miles round. The joy-bells, if they

\* The chieftain's stony hill.

† 'Tisn't day

had any, were ringin, and the guns firin, and the drums beatin, at the deuce's rate. Well, the child was born, as I told you, and the enchanters were desired to read the stars, and tell what was to become of it; and, sure enough, they found out that 'twas in the greatest danger of being drowned, any time before it was risin six year old. Well to be sure, there was great consternation an hubbub about the child, an the mother would wenly let it out of her own hands from mornin till night, an from night till mornin: she used to go into hysterics at the sight of a bason of water, an she got the fine lough, where you saw the big bog \* under Corrin, drained; an all the men in the country gother for the purpose.

'Well, when the little boy grew up to be runnin about, nothin could keep him from tryin to stale out from them that had the care of him; and things began to grow worse and worse. The queen was wore away to a thread, an the king did all he could to comfort her; but no use, till at last he said to her one day, "My dear," says he, "make yourself quite asy, for I'll build a castle on the top of Corrin, an bind it in with a strong wall, an will shut him up there with his masters until he's risin seven, an we can go up to see him every day." With that the queen grew somewhat aisier, an the great heap of stones was drawn up, and every thing was got ready, when one day the king proposed to go up the Corrin, an to take the queen an her son with him, to see how they were gettin on. Well, up they went, an they looked here an there, an gave orders about this thing an that thing, until at last, when they were going away, the child couldn't be found high nor low. They were in great consternation, to be sure; but as they knew the boy could not go far down the mountain from the time they missed him, messengers were sent out in every direction to get tale or tidins of him.

'Well, they were lookin an lookin, but all in vain, till at last one of 'em

found him out, drowned in a large vat of water that was in amongst the stones; it was brought up there to make the mortar; and 'tis thought that while the boy was lookin into it he took a likin to his own image, an in stoopin over to kiss it, tumbled in: but it was to be; and so the stars were fulfilled; an that's the raison why the stones are on the top of the Corrin.

'The queen died soon after of a broken heart; an the king grew very cross an surly, an he fell out with his neighbours, an riz an army, an went to war, an was killed; an tis the way, that the very thing he did, was the very thing he oughtn't to do; but there was no use, *for what must be must be.*'

I could observe in the remark, with which my farmer finished his story, a corroboration of an observation I had long ago made; that, in spite of the strong opposition which their religion offered to it, there obtained amongst the Irish peasantry a shadowy indistinct notion of predestination, strengthened, no doubt, by the many legends which exist amongst them, founded on this opinion; and which they hear and repeat with the utmost eagerness. I would willingly have conversed with my companion on this subject, and made one or two attempts to show him the danger of such a belief; but knowing our time was too short to discuss a matter which had been the subject of volumes between people much more learned and acute than my fellow-traveller and I, we waved the conversation, and I requested he'd be kind enough to relate the other story. So he went on as follows:—

'Well, then, you must know, that the Corrin has been kept this long time by Robbard Barry, commonly called Ard Barry, or Barry the Great.† He was a man of large property in this place, an was taken away long an long ago, when he was a very young man, by the fairies; an 'tis said he's to live for ever in the country of Thiernan Oge.‡ Well, he does a dale a good about the Corrin, as to

\* Currach na Driminga, the cows' bog, about a half mile at the Cork side of Rathcormac.  
† Robert Barry, of the family of the Barry's of Ballynahynga.

‡ Thiernan Oge's country fairy-land, or, more literally, the land of the king of the youthful.



helpin poor people that's in distress, an all that. I remember my grandmother tellin about a poor bucach\* who was cummin the way one evenin, an he stopt be the side of the bog, wishin he might be able to get across athout goin round by Raccormuck; when a fine gentleman, on an elegant white horse, rid up, an asked him what he was thinkin of. "Faith," says the bucach, "I was thinking 'twould be very pleasant if I could get across the bog home, athout goin to the trouble of three miles round Raccormuck." "Stop my mare," says the gentleman, "an I'll put you across." So with that he alit; an takin my bucach by the shoulder, he flung him over as aisy as you'd throw a stone across the ditch. "So now you're there," says he; "good night, an make the best o' your way home." "Oh, lord, sir," says the bucach, "how could I get home athout my crutches? sure I'm worse off now than ever." "The deuce take you an your crutches," says the gentleman, "here they are for you." So he flung 'em over, an hit him on the shin would one of 'em, and, sure enough, he carries the mark of it, God bless us, from that day to this. Well, he went home, an he up an he told it; an, sure enough, they all said it must be Ard Barry—but that's not the story:—

'About the time of the last war'—

'The late war!' says I; 'oh, ho, here's something *more* than modern; why that's about four years since.'

'Oh, no,' says my companion, 'this is about eighty years ago.'

'Why, what war occurred then?' says I.—'I don't know,' says he.—'Nor I either,' says I, 'though it should be expected I ought to know more of it than you. So go on with your story.'—'Oh, this is no story,' says my companion; 'tis as true as you're sitting behind me.'—'Very well, go on.'

'About the time of the last war, a greater party of soljers was sent into Raccormuck than the town could well provide for: it wasn't a town at that time, only a poor little bit of a village; an the constable, one Magner,

who was also billet-master, was busy all day tryin to get 'em quarters. Well, he was scarcely settled down to his dinner, late of an evenin, this way, in the spring of the year (by-the-by it was autumn when I heard the story, notwithstanding my informant's "this way;" but every thing is "this way" in an Irish story), when the garsoon† called him out to a soljer in the entry. Well became the soljer, he up an told him how his wife was taken sick on the road-side, and how she was brought to bed of a boy by the ditch, an how she was very weak, an he was obliged to carry the gun an the infant in one arm, an support his sick wife on the other; and so he begged of him to give him a billet in the neighbourhood, if he possibly could.

'Egad, well became the constable, who was an Orangeman, bad luck to him! he got quite mad at being disturbed from his dinner; so he wrote a billet for my poor soljer on Ard Barry, an sent him, an his sick wife, an the lannuv‡ on to the Corrin, where there was neither house nor home for him, poor soul! Well, there was no use in his sayin any thing about it, so on they trudged, he an his sick woman, an the child, an the gun, an the knapsack, cursing, as good right they had, the blackguard rascal that sent them, till they came to the foot of the Corrin, when they met a fine gentleman standin before 'em in the middle of the road. The poor soljer showed him the billet, an asked him if he'd be kind enough to point out where it was directed. "Yes," says the gentleman, "'tis directed to me, an the devil take the scoundrel that sent you on such a fool's errand, on a night like this, an in such a condition: but come along, my lad, I'll give ye good entertainment; an never fear but you'll have satisfaction on the rascal that sent you this wildgoose expedition. Come along, my house is on the top of the hill." "God bless your honour," says the soljer, "my poor wife could never climb up, she's only just brought to bed on the road-side, an"— "Oh, I know it all very well," says the gentleman; "but come along, you'll find it easier than you think." And sure enough they

Bucach, or Buccogh, a lame but sturdy beggarman. † Garsoon, the servant boy.  
‡ Lannuv, the child.

did, for they got up in less than no time, for the way seemed smoother than a looking-glass. Well, when they came to the top, there was a fine palace, an servants runnin to an fro, an such music, an singin, an dancin, that the like of it was never heard on the Corrin from that day to this.

'Faith, well become 'em, they walked in with Ard Barry; an if they weren't delighted with the sights they saw! The house was nothin else but a palace, shinin with gold an silver from top to bottom; an the most beautiful ladies an the most elegant gentlemen dancin away for the bare life. Well, my poor soljer an his woman were quite ashamed when the ladies an gentlemen gothered round 'em, and pressed 'em into the warm corner, an were as attentive to 'em, my dear, as if they were kings and queens; an Ard Barry himself desired one o' the servants to run down an kill Magner's cow, an dress it immediately, "for 'twill be wholesomer," says he, "for these poor people then the things we're atin; an bring up," says he, "some o' the best drink in his cellar."

'With that, sir, there was beef dressed every way you could wish, an some nice fowls, (for the sarvant went beyond his orders,) and there was excellent drink; an so the poor cratures feasted themselves, an, when the sarvant came to show 'em their room, they were as sorry as any thing to lave so much fun behind 'em; for the poor man found himself as fresh as when he sot out in the mornin, an the woman was as well as ever she was.

'Well, they were shown into their room, an an elegant room it was, with a bed and bed-curtains fit for a prince, an every thing else accordin. "There now, my poor people," says the sarvant, says he, "go to your bed an sleep comfortable; an may be as there would be nobody here to take notice o' ye when ye're goin away in the mornin, I'll lave this basket o' mate by the bed-side; an, as my master never gives any money to his friends, he desired me give you the hide an fat o' the cow that was kilt to-night, to take would you to Raccormuck in the mornin, an sell it; so there 'tis for you, an much good may it do you!"

'The poor man gave him a thousand blessins, to be sure, an if the poor woman did not join him! ony they excused themselves for bein so troublesome, beggin of him to lave the hide outside the hall-door, for they thought it a pity to dirt the room would it, an to spile the carpet. "Oh, it's no matter," says the sarvant, "lie down now, an rest as comfortable as you can, for I'm takin away the light, an bidden you good night." "Good night, sir," says the poor man, "an I'm sure we're very much obliged to you." So they turned round an fell asleep, very glad, you may be sure, to come into such good quarters.

'Well, that was well an good. My poor soljer woke in the mornin, an he shook himself; an looked; an shook himself again, for he couldn't bleive his eyes; an no wonder, to find himself lyin by the heap o' stones on the top of a bare mountain, with the morning sun shinin down on him, an the wet heath under him, an his wife an child lyin fast asleep alongside of him. He woke the poor woman; an if he was amazed, she was twenty times more so. "Yerrah! what's all this about?" says she; "didn't we lie down last night on an elegant bed, in a fine house? an here we are now, this blessed an holy mornin, stretched on the side of a wet stony hill, with the blue sky an shinin sun over us, an a big bog under us, so that the little hill we're restin on looks like a ship in the middle of the wide ocean; an didn't the gentleman give us a basket o' beef, an a hide an fat?—An there they are," says she. An there they wor, sure enough, smokin behind him in the mornin sun, like a heap of graff in the summer.

'Well, they didn't know what to think of it; but at last the top of Raccormuck church, an the fine old trees about it, began to peep out o' the mist; so they set-to to come down the hill, an, aisy as it seemed to go up the night before, faith they had a troublesome job of it; though they found themselves fine and fresh after the night, an the poor woman was as well as if she wasn't sick at all, at all.

'Faith, with that, sir, they made into the town, an they sold the hide an fat to a man that was there; I think



'tis one Harry Thomas they calls him; an they went into a house an dressed their mate, an they wore atin their breakfast very comfortable, when there was a hell of a hubboo kicked up about Magner's cow; an by my soul the hide an fat was found at Thomas's; an Thomas told who sold it to him, an so my poor soljer an his wife were taken before the magistrate, one Colonel Barry of Lisnagar; an Magner identified the hide, an Thomas identified the man that sold it; an faith 'twas all again the poor soljer.

"Well, an what have you to say for yourself, my good man?" says the colonel.

'So he up an he told him how his wife was brought to bed on the road, an how the billet-master sent 'em out, in that condition, to a Mr. Barry that lived on the mountain hard by, and how a cow was killed, an how they got a good supper, an an elegant bed, an how the gentleman made 'em a present o' the hide an fat, an how, when they woke in the mornin, the house, an bed, an bed-room, were gone; but the beef, an the hide, an the fat, were there; an how they sold it, an went to their breakfast, an how they were rested, an brought there, an that's all they knew about it.

'With that, sir, all the satisfaction the colonel gave Magner was to tell him he was a hard-hearted rascal to trate any poor man in that manner; so he took down his horsewhip, an laced him well, an told him that if he attempted ever to billet any one on his relation Ard Barry again he never would hear the end of it. So my poor soljer walked away with the price o' the fat and hide, an, I'll be bail, Magner never sent a soljer to Corrin from that day to this.'

When the story was concluded, I thanked my companion (who, in the interim of his communication, had come with me a couple of miles more out of his way than he at first intended) both for his tale and his attention, and, being now arrived at the little public house at Bartlemy-cross, invited him to come in and take a glass of punch. He said he was just about to make the same proposal; so, having refreshed ourselves, we shook hands and parted, not with-

out much entreaty from the farmer that I should go with him immediately to his house, about eight miles across the country, where he would give me a good bit of beef, a glass of real potheen, and would have the pleasure of introducing me to my old school-fellow the curate. 'Twas in vain: my business in Cork was too pressing; so he set off, not a little chagrined at my pertinacity.

The night was gathering dark, and a rather heavy mist of rain began to set in as I was about to leave Bartlemy. 'Twas but a gloomy exchange from what, in an Irish country inn, would be called a snug parlour, into the raw, damp, dark air; and, after considering that it would be impossible for me to reach Cork that night, I determined to take up my abode where I was till morning. On inquiry, I found all the beds were occupied, the last in the house being consigned to two tailors, who were called in that morning to work for the family; and, as these are a class of tradesmen whom country people are most unwilling to disoblige, 'twas impossible to accommodate me. To my inquiry, whether there were any other house in the village where I could be lodged for the night, I was answered in the negative; so there was no alternative but to jog on as far as Watergrass Hill, a distance of between three and four miles, where I could not fail of entertainment.

Night had completely set in when I came to this resolution; and I had scarcely proceeded half a mile on the road, when the mist, which had been thickening from the commencement, became a heavy piercing rain that increased every moment. The gloom and loneliness of the road (for the houses were less and less frequent as I advanced from the village), my ignorance of the way, the rain, which now came down in torrents, and began to pierce to my skin even through my top-coat, the badness of the passage, and (must I confess it?) the shadowy terrors which, contrary to my better conviction, the conversation of the morning began to conjure up before my fancy, rendered any place of shelter so desirable, that I entered into two or three most wretched hovels that lay (though not very 'like angel-

visits) few and far between,' requesting permission to sit up by the fire-place (for there was scarcely any fire) till morning. The answer was the same in all; and my anger at their inhumanity was not unmingled with a laugh of ridicule, when I looked round their wretched sties, and heard them plead their dread of robbers as an excuse for their want of hospitality. One of my coats would have paid for the fee-simple of their furniture and wardrobe, which consisted, the former of a cracked iron pot, a three-legged stool, an attempt at a chair, with a bottom of reeds most uncouthly twisted, a thing that it would be mockery to call a table, a bedstead with a little straw in one corner, and a little straw without a bedstead in another; the latter, of the few rags on the backs of those who were squatted round the decaying embers in the chimney corner, and which would certainly be thought unfit to act as house-cloths in any decent family, together with a few shreds that hung on a sougan, or rope of twisted straw, tied across the room, and which belonged to the children who lay on the sop in the corner.

Neither money nor entreaties being any avail, I set out once more from these abodes of human misery, muttering curses on the puerile fears and inhospitable caution of their cowardly inhabitants.\*

After a short time I was so completely saturated with rain, and so fatigued with walking, that I was on the point of flinging myself on the road-side, and remaining there until morning, when my memory recurred to the farmer's stories, and

these again brought the whole train of all I had ever heard of the horrible or superstitious in shadowy procession before my now too fertile imagination. The 'thick coming fancies' acted like electricity upon my almost exhausted limbs, and I flew along the road with a celerity incredible almost to myself. Quick as thought I arrived at a little stream in a small glen, by which, according to the directions I had received at Bartlemy, I knew I should be within less than half a mile of Watergrass Hill.

The moon, which at this time began to exert its influence, notwithstanding the dense mass of clouds in which it was involved, had just spread a sort of dim distinctness over the objects around, when, whilst I was debating whether it would be worth the trouble, wet as I was, to take off my shoes and stockings in crossing the stream, I bent my eyes on the hill at the opposite side, and beheld, between me and the horizon, a figure, like a cross seen a little in perspective, moving slowly along the road I had to travel. My fears, which the prospect of a speedy approach to the termination of my night's journey had nearly banished, returned with tenfold violence. My hat rose gently from my head, I could feel every feature of my face spread into fearful dilation, my heart beat as if it would burst through my bosom, my knees tottered beneath me, every fibre of my frame was relaxed with terror; nay, I thought I could feel my clothes gliding away from my limbs, whilst the flesh crept beneath them, as the figure, moving slowly up the hill, presented now a full view of a cross, now a right, and now a left perspec-

\* I was exceedingly surprised at the conduct of these cottagers, and could not, by any mode of reasoning, reconcile it with the well-known hospitality of my countrymen. I knew that hospitality could not exert itself so strongly on the road-side, where it was subject to too many claims and too much abuse; but I knew also that I did not come within the exceptions made on that account. What I offered for a night's shelter from the inclemency of the weather was as much as the father of the family could have earned for a week; and it seems to me as if inhumanity were added to inhospitality by the refusal. In about twelve months after the mystery was explained. My business again took me through Bartlemy, and the owner of the inn, a sensible intelligent lad, to whom I related the circumstance, informed me that at the period of the occurrence I alluded to, the country about was much infested with thieves, and consequently the landlords gave strict orders to the farmers, and these again to the cottiers, not to harbour any stranger, under any circumstances whatsoever. Though it was not very flattering to be suspected for a thief, I was obliged to be satisfied with the explanation.



tive, as if a rotatory motion were added to its advancing one.

Twenty times I thought to return; until, wound to a paroxysm of desperation from the fatigue and suffering I endured that evening, and being convinced that, if it were aught spiritual and of evil, it could as well impede my retreating as my advancing path, I rushed through the stream, determining 'to cross it though it blast me.'

As I approached, its circular motion appeared to become quicker; and a low gibbering moan, mingled with a sort of suppressed howl, added not a little to terrors already amounting almost to madness. Desperation gave me strength: I rushed up the hill with the force and nearly the fleetness of a whirlwind; as I neared the object it assumed somewhat the appearance of a human form, or rather a human skeleton covered with rags, whilst the sounds grew more distinct and audible. I was now within a couple of yards, and hesitated, for a moment, whether I should pass or seize it. I chose the latter, from what motive I know not, but certainly 'twas one in which fear was the ground-work. I sprung upon it with tiger-like ferocity—grasped it—it answered to my touch. 'Who the devil are you?' Wild, distinct, but unintelligible sounds were the only reply. I shook it—it seemed to endure my harshness, and that endurance gave me tacit assurance of my superiority.

My fear by this time had greatly subsided, and on narrow inspection I found it was a human being, but so wasted by disease and penury, so unlike any living thing, that had it only turned on me when I seized it, and answered, with but an infant's grasp, I should have fallen overpowered beneath its feeble opposition.

The poor wretch, who had been as much alarmed at my sudden attack upon him, as I had been by his extraordinary appearance at such a

time, in such a place, and under such circumstances, now contrived to let me know, as well as his terror and a strong impediment in his speech would allow, that his mother had died at Castlelyons, and he was going to an aunt of his, who resided at Watergrass Hill, to inform her of the event. I soon discovered that my companion was an idiot; one of those miserable objects whom we frequently meet with in Ireland, travelling through the country, and living upon alms; affording subjects, half of mirth, half of pity, to the people who support them. They are treated with great kindness by the peasantry; and had he whom I met applied for shelter in any of the hovels where I had been refused, he would immediately have obtained it: but 'he thought it not much that the contentious storm should invade him to the skin;' his mother's death and his own grief rendered him reckless of the night's bitterness; 'for where the greater malady is fixed, the lesser is scarce felt.' The whole was now explained; the moaning sounds I heard were his plainings; what I imagined the rotatory motion of a cross was but the tossing of his arms in the expression of his grief, and he himself, poor fool! the formidable apparition, who had nearly driven me back to Bartlemy, to sit all night by the inn fire, and add another to the catalogue of *true* ghost stories with which they while away the long winter's evenings.

In a little time we arrived at the village. After having given the idiot something comfortable for supper in consideration of the fright I occasioned him on the road, he went to his aunt. I went to bed, and having set out next morning, and concluded my business in Cork, I returned, without hurt or molestation, to the bounds of the county of Waterford, where I often amused my companions by the recital of my fearful adventure.

## THE EXILE.

'Twas moonlight now—and all was still,  
 Save the wind whispering down the hill ;  
 And he looked over that lovely plain,  
 His eyes shall never behold again.

'Twas sad and dreary to leave the earth  
 Where his fathers lived and died—  
 That emerald spot which had given him birth,  
 Whose name had been his pride.  
 At other times he had laughed with glee  
 At the thoughts of her former chivalry ;

But now  
 His brow  
 Was clouded, and heavy, and sad—  
 He saw her in chains, and how could he be glad ?

He sat beneath an aged oak  
 Scathed by lightning—ruined—broke !  
 And looked to the sky—where the pale moonlight  
 Shone over all with radiance bright.

He looked over the plain and wave,  
 Both were silent as the grave ;

But in the distance was a fall  
 Of waters, not unmusical ;  
 Save *that*, on air, or earth, or ocean,  
 There was no star, or sound, or motion.

He sat beneath the tree, and bent  
 His eyes to earth—whilst his thoughts went  
 In hurrying anguish through his mind  
 Of all that he would leave behind—

Parents and country—friends and home—  
 How could he break such ties, and roam ?  
 His grief was the full and sad excess  
 Of a heart o'erwrought by wretchedness.

He had hoped, and vainly hoped, that all  
 The chains that held his land in thrall  
 Would burst asunder, and would sever,  
 Leaving that dear land free for ever.

But the die was cast, the word was spoken,  
 'Her chains are never to be broken !'

He thought of this, and feelings strong  
 Changed, as they came, his thoughts to song :

'Erin, I weep as thy shores I am leaving,  
 Past joys rememb'ring redoubles my grieving ;  
 I weep as I leave the fair land of my birth,  
 Though I go to the sunniest climes of the earth.

'I weep as I leave thee ;—Oh ! cold is that heart  
 Which from thee and thy valleys could tearless depart ;  
 And colder that breast is that ever forgot,  
 Let it rove where it may, the dear native cot.

'Yet I think (and it may be vain like the rest)  
 I shall visit again the dear isle of the west ;  
 And from sunnier lands, but never more dear,  
 Shall at length find with joy a happy home here.'

A boat appeared upon the deep,  
 And the oars' phosphoric sweep,



And dashing—not unpleasing sound—  
 Waked a gentle echo round.  
 He started—ceased his song—and rushed  
 To the shore, whilst warm tears gushed.  
 ‘Beloved land,’ he cried, ‘farewell;  
 Thy wrongs, thy injuries, I shall tell,  
 Whatever clime—whatever sun—  
 This saddened brow may shine upon.’  
 From his own dear land he’s gone,  
 Cast on the world alone—alone!

Fermoy.

SHOLTO.

## MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE GENLIS.\*

THIS lady, so distinguished in French literature, has just given her memoirs, in eight volumes, to the world. She was born on the 25th day of January, in the year 1746, at a little estate in Burgundy; and subsequently took the title of St. Aubin, in consequence of her father having purchased a chateau of that name. Her parents, who were persons of great respectability, though by no means wealthy, had their daughter, at an early age, received as a canoness in the noble chapter of Alix.

‘The day of my reception,’ says she, ‘was a great day to me. The evening which preceded it was by no means so agreeable: I had my hair dressed, my clothes tried on, I was catechised, &c. At last the happy moment arrived; my cousin and I were dressed in white, and conducted in pomp to the church of the chapter. All the ladies, dressed in the fashion of the day, but wearing black satin robes over their hoops, and large cloaks lined with ermine, were in the choir. A priest who officiated as Grand Prior, catechised us, made us repeat the creed, and afterwards kneel upon velvet cushions. His duty was next to cut out a small lock of our hair; but being very old and nearly blind, he cut my ear a little, but I supported the pain *heroically*, and the accident was only discovered by the bleeding of the ear. After this, he put on my finger a consecrated gold ring, and fastened on my head a piece of black and white stuff, about the length of one’s finger, which the canonesses called *un mari* (a hus-

band). I was then decorated with the signs of the order, a red ribbon with a beautiful enamelled cross, and a broad girdle of black-watered ribbon. After the ceremony he delivered a short exhortation; we then went and saluted all the canonesses before leaving the church; and afterwards we heard high mass. The remainder of the day after dinner, excepting the hour of church service, was spent in entertainments, in visits which we paid to all the ladies, and in amusing little games. From this time I was called Madame la Comtesse de Lancy;† my father being, as I have already said, lord of the manor of Bourbon-Lancy, was the cause of my receiving that name. The pleasure I had in hearing myself called *Madame* surpassed every other. In this chapter every one had the choice of taking the vows or not at the age prescribed, or later: but those who did not take them gained nothing by their reception into the order but the title of *lady* and *countess*, and the right of wearing its decorations. Those ladies who took the vows, got in time considerable prebends: those who did not, were not obliged to reside in the chapter; but those who did, were not only prevented from marrying, but compelled to reside in the chapter two years out of every three, passing the year of liberty, however, where they chose. There was in this chapter, as in several others, a sort of adoption formally recognised by the statutes. Every canoness who had taken the vows had a right to adopt for her niece a young canoness not of

\* ‘Memoirs of the Countess de Genlis, illustrative of the History of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, written by Herself. London: Henry Colburn, 1825.

† All the canonesses of Alix had a right to bear the title of Countess: and I bore the name of Lancy until my marriage.—(Note by the Author.)

the chapter, on condition that the young person on coming of age should take the vows, and that in the mean time she should live constantly with her adoptive aunt. The latter might in this case bequeath to her niece her jewels, her furniture, her house, and her prebend. The Countess of Clugny, one of our relations, and a canoness of the chapter, offered to adopt me. She was rich, and urged my mother strongly to consent to the adoption: my life would doubtless have been far more tranquil had that consent been obtained.'—P. 18, Vol. I.

At this period female education was but little attended to in France. The young *comtesse* was committed to the care of the daughter of a provincial organist, a *Mdlle. de Mars*, an amiable person, but totally unsuited to her situation. She was, however, sincerely pious, and had a good taste for music. Under her tuition the subject of our memoir imbibed sound principles; and soon excelled her governess in musical acquirements. At an early age she mastered five or six instruments, and performed on the harp in such a manner as to excite the astonishment of all who heard her. Yet, strange to say, she could not read music until taught by an Italian, after her marriage.

*Mdlle. de Mars* being more in the character of a play-fellow than that of a governess, her pupil made but small progress in the rudiments of knowledge. They had no books, but some volumes of old plays and tragedies; and, from frequent perusal of these, the young *comtesse* imbibed the most romantic notions.

'A thousand times,' says she, 'I have supposed myself proscribed, calumniated, and a wanderer, forced to conceal myself under feigned names, and to live by the labour of my hands. At the close of these romances, I never failed to fancy that I had triumphed over my enemies; but this part of my history amused me but little—it cooled my imagination, and I concluded it abruptly. These exercises of the intellect, these inventions which accustomed me to familiarize myself with ideas of persecution and misery, have not been useless to me in the end. I must say, to my own

praise, (and it is a thing which distinguishes me from all other persons of a romantic fancy,) that I never sought for events, but as a means of displaying the qualities of the soul which I most admired, patience, courage, and presence of mind; and it was for this reason that I always placed myself amidst situations of misfortune. Thus there was at the bottom of these reveries of mine a love of glory and virtue which rendered them remarkable, especially in an infant. Besides this, I had a particular aversion to all that makes a sensation in society—to gossipings, scandal, busybodies, &c. I loved peace of mind and solitude, and hated all these little agitations; and no one has ever possessed in a higher degree than myself, throughout my life, the spirit of peace and conciliation.'—P. 34, Vol. I.

And again, she says, 'there is a good deal of extravagance in my character, but none in my opinions; and therefore I have reasoned soundly, and possess a good taste, though I have committed many ridiculous errors, and taken many unadvised steps. Either my confidence is unbounded, or I have none at all. My friendship is devotion, my esteem admiration: I have always seen clearly the faults of my friends, but I only considered them faults, because they must appear so to others; in my eyes they were only failings which I elevated into virtues; and these virtues, thus created by my own imagination, were to me the more attractive, because I knew they existed only for me, and that I alone could discover and appreciate them. Where I was not attached, I saw the good and the bad without exaggeration; and I have never judged falsely, either through aversion or resentment.'—P. 76, Vol. I.

This extravagance was, in no small degree, encouraged by the then practice of performing private plays. The *comtesse* was no contemptible actress; and, as her mother was a little vain of her daughter, she indulged her in these pursuits to the detriment of more useful employments. 'The whole winter,' says Madame de Genlis, 'passed in these diversions. In speaking of my studies I have not men-



tioned writing, and for a good reason, viz. that I never received a single lesson. It is somewhat singular that a person who has written so much should never have learnt to write; but the fact is so. In January, 1757, at the age of eleven, I wished to write to my father on the new year, and never having had a pen in my hand, I wrote a long letter in a large and detestable character; but it was well spelt, for my reading, as I have already stated, had fixed the words in my memory as they were to be written. From that time I taught myself to write, and improved by slow degrees. I do not write a fine hand, but my writing is rather neat, and very legible.'—P. 47, Vol. I.

About this time her father became embarrassed. St. Aubin was sold to satisfy the creditors, and the count made a voyage to St. Domingo, in the hope of bettering his circumstances. Mademoiselle de Mars was discharged, and the comptesse and her mother went to reside in Paris.

'Since I had lost Mademoiselle de Mars, vanity had become the ruling motive of all my actions. My heart and my reason were so little cultivated, and I received so many praises on frivolous occasions, that I had acquired a kind of childish self-love, which led me to attach a prodigious importance to all those ornamental talents which could give celebrity. I really loved music and the harp; but I should never have given so much and such constant study to an instrument, except to enjoy the secret pleasure of being looked upon as a prodigy, and of seeing the most celebrated musicians come and listen to my voice and my harp with admiration. Pellegrini dedicated to me a musical work of his own composition; and when I saw my name engraved at the head of a letter filled with flattery, my joy was unbounded, and I showed it, without affectation, to every one. I have never been guilty of any dissimulation but the affectation of courage; I have succeeded in concealing my griefs, but I have never disguised my sentiments or my opinions. From hence it has resulted, that though all my resolution and self-command have not endowed me with prudence, the frankness and ingenuousness of my cha-

racter have not rendered it too yielding.'—P. 86, Vol. I.

'My father, in returning from St. Domingo, was taken prisoner by the English, with all he possessed; he was conducted to Lankestons, a seaport town in England, where he found many French prisoners of war, and among others a young man whose handsome face, talents, and accomplishments, inspired him with the most lively interest; this was the Comte de Genlis, who, in returning from Pondicherry, where he had commanded a regiment during five years, had been carried into China, to Canton, where he passed five months, and afterwards to Lankestons.

'The Comte de Genlis had served in the navy from the age of fourteen: he had covered himself with glory in the famous action of M. d'Aché; he was then a lieutenant, and scarcely twenty. Out of twenty-two officers, he was the only one who survived; all the others were killed. M. de Genlis was covered with wounds, of which one remained open for eight years and a half. This combat gained him the rank of captain and the cross of St. Louis. M. d'Aché took off his own to give it to him on board of the vessel the very day of the action, saying, that he was sure the court would not disavow what he had done. The Comte de Genlis conducted himself with equal valour at Pondicherry. As soon as he returned to France, M. de Puisieux made him quit the navy and enter into the land service, with the rank of colonel of grenadiers.

'While he was at Lankestons, he became very intimate, as I have already stated, with my father, who always carried a box, on which was my portrait, in the act of playing the harp; this picture struck M. de Genlis, who made many inquiries about me, and believed all that was said by a father, who believed me faultless. The English had left my father my portrait, my letters, and those of my mother, which spoke of nothing but my successes and my talents. The count read these letters, and they made a profound impression upon him. He had an uncle, who was then minister for foreign affairs, (M. de Puisieux,) who soon obtained his li-

berty; and he promised to do all in his power to obtain that of my father. As soon as he arrived in Paris he waited on my mother, to deliver some letters from my father; at the same time he earnestly solicited his exchange, and in three weeks afterwards my father arrived at Paris.'—P. 121, Vol. I.

Soon after her father's arrival he was thrown into prison for debt; and this had such an effect on his lofty spirit, that he survived the indignity only a few weeks. M. de Genlis continued his attentions to the comtesse; and, in some time after her father's death, they were privately married.

'M. de Genlis, who was then twenty-seven, having neither father nor mother, could dispose of himself as he pleased; but he had a good reason for dreading an opposition to his marriage. The Marquis de Puisieux, the head of his family, on his first return to France, had proposed to him a marriage with a young lady, an orphan, who had forty thousand francs a year; her name was Mademoiselle de la Motte; M. de Genlis consented to marry her. M. de Puisieux busied himself strenuously about the affair, and five weeks after he told M. de Genlis that he had hopes of success; M. de Genlis was by this time indifferent about the matter, but he durst not avow this. Some time after, M. de Puisieux told him that the thing was concluded, and that he had given his word. M. de Genlis had not the courage to confess his sentiments, and it was at this moment that we were married. M. de Puisieux could not fail to be excessively displeased, that a person whom he regarded as his son, and who was not rich, should marry a young person who had nothing, especially after he had suffered him to take a great deal of unnecessary trouble, and to give his promise in vain.... his anger was consequently both violent and of long continuance.'—P. 130, Vol. I.

After the honey-moon M. de Genlis had to join his regiment; and, as it was not then fashionable for newly-married ladies to accompany their husbands to their garrison, the comtesse went to reside at the convent of Origny. 'I was,' says she,

'comfortable here, and-beloved; I often played on the harp in the abbess's apartment; I sung motetts in the organ gallery of the church, and I played tricks with the nuns: I ran about the corridors in the night, that is, at midnight, in strange disguises, generally attired as the devil, with horns on my head, and my face blackened; I awoke the young nuns; I entered quietly into the cells of the old women whom I knew to be deaf, and painted their faces with rouge and patches, without awakening them. They got up every night to go to the choir; and their surprise may be guessed at, when, after hastily dressing without a glass, they met at the church, and found each other thus painted and patched. I easily gained admission into the cells, for the nuns are forbidden to lock themselves in, and are obliged to leave their keys in the door day and night. During the carnival, with the abbess's permission, I gave balls in my apartments twice a week. I was permitted to introduce the village fiddler, who was blind of one eye, and sixty years old. He piqued himself upon knowing all the figures and steps, and I still recollect that he called the *chassés*, *flanqués*. My dancers were the nuns and the boarders; the former represented the men, and the others were the ladies. I gave for refreshments cider, and excellent pastry made in the convent. I have since been at many superb balls, but certainly I have never danced at any with so much spirit and gaiety of heart.'—P. 143, Vol. I.

'One praise I may venture to give myself, because I am quite sure I deserve it; and that is, that I have always had a clear judgment, and consequently a great foundation of sense; yet I have committed a thousand follies—a thousand unreasonable things; and no one existing has ever reflected less than I upon her present interests, her conduct, and its consequences: at the same time no human being has ever reflected more on what was not personal to herself—on her reading, on mankind, on the world, and on chimeras. Governed by my imagination from infancy, I have always loved better to busy myself with what I *created* than with what already existed. I have



never considered the future but as a dream, where one may introduce any thing that one pleases. It seems to me insipid to place there only things so probable that any one may believe they will occur. I had not the gift of foresight, but I had that of invention. I have already said that in my childhood I delighted in composing fictions which had no reference to the destiny I might naturally expect. I loved to place myself in extraordinary situations, and to see myself triumph over all the obstacles of adversity. I had always preserved this *mania*, which enabled me to pass many delicious hours in the solitude of Origny. Every evening before retiring to rest, I gave myself up for an hour, and sometimes longer, to this kind of meditation: often I fancied myself with a female friend, to whom I related my astonishing adventures; my friend interrupted or interrogated me; and her surprise, her admiration, and her eulogies enchanted me. I had always had somewhat the habit of talking aloud in these reveries, but it was at Origny that I gave the last touches of perfection to these imaginary dialogues, to which the sound of my voice imparted an appearance of truth, which was almost equal to reality, and in some respects was better; for what human friend can enter into our sentiments, can love us, and understand us so well as the fictitious one whom we create for ourselves? It is certain that these reveries strengthened my character and my heart, and they have been very useful to me since the revolution; but up to that period, and in the ordinary course of events, they have been highly injurious to me, by hindering me from reflecting on what I had really before me; so that I have grown old with all my faults, and my experience has had but little effect either on my conduct or my disposition.—P. 151, Vol. I.

All this time she had been industriously improving her understanding. She read with avidity, and became an industrious inquirer. 'I have,' says she, 'been totally ignorant of nothing, and have been able to speak tolerably on all subjects; but I have known nothing perfectly, but those subjects which relate to the fine arts,

to literature, and the study of the human heart; such were my tastes, and I have never reflected seriously on any other matters. I have also observed, that persons of extraordinary knowledge, and remarkable both for the extent and variety of their information, had always cold imaginations, and were incapable of becoming passionately attached to any particular art or study.'—P. 166, Vol. I.

At the age of nineteen she became a mother, and, after her accouchement, was reconciled to M. de Genlis' uncle and aunt, in consequence of which she was presented at court. From the contagion of such a place she was preserved by the prudent counsel of her aunt. 'I cannot reproach myself,' says Madame de Genlis, 'with ever having repeated or said a word which hurt the reputation of those I esteemed the least, nor with acting like so many others, in spreading epigrams and satirical verses; in society I have invariably shown the highest contempt for such subjects, and great unbelief respecting tales of scandal. My aunt always gave me this good example, and assisted in strengthening my aversion to an opposite line of conduct. She was nowise given to evil speaking. She told me (and the thought was full of wisdom) that, independent of all principle, *evil speaking always spoils the manners of a woman*. The saying merits being preserved. I am indebted to my aunt for an excellent rule of conduct, and I shall mention it here. A short time after my first appearance in society, while speaking of confidential communications, (*mes petites confidences*,) she told me, that a lady desirous of taking away all hope from a man in love with her, should never write to him; that in a case of this kind, the harshest letter is always a false step, and often an act of high imprudence. On this subject she gave me very delicate, just, and sensible advice. These are the only directions she gave me—she ought to have given me others, more useful, for I would have followed them! but she did not! . . .

'Not to appear better than I am, I must admit that I have often been given to ridicule others, but I have

never ridiculed any thing but arrogance, folly, and pedantry. I was never in my life tempted to laugh at ignorance or awkwardness; on the contrary, when I saw these failings in others, I always felt for them.'—P. 22—3. Vol. II.

Being young, handsome, and accomplished, her society was courted by all who made any pretensions to fashionable life, and on the marriage of the Dauphin, afterwards the unfortunate Louis XVI. she was promised the place of lady of honour to the future princess. 'From honourable motives,' says she, 'I had given up the situation promised me in the household of Madame. The king decided that none of these places should be given to ladies who did not visit Madame du Barri. It may be imagined that this decision was not formally announced, but it was fully acted upon. Several persons on the list of candidates received notice of the decision, and this was called being invited to join the *king's private parties*. For myself, no intimation was given me, but we learned on all hands that most of the persons selected had paid visits to Madame du Barri. They were admitted the moment they sent for an invitation. M. de Genlis was noways disposed to bid me to take such a step, which no power, in fact, could have forced me to do. His relations thought the same; but as the places at court were granted only under this condition, I obtained none, notwithstanding the king's solemn promise. Had I obtained this place, my lot would have been very different! I would most certainly have followed the princess, to whose household I was attached; the king, in the leisure moments of his exile, might, perhaps, have distinguished me; I should have been placed in a noble and secure asylum, sheltered from the shafts of calumny, and the hazards of imprudence. How many toils and chagrins I should have been spared! This pure, honourable, and peaceful lot was denied me, because Louis XV. allowed absolute dominion over his own mind, and over the court, to be impudently usurped by a stale and senseless public prostitute!'—P. 102—3. Vol. II.

In the mean time her aunt, Madame

de Montesson, a very unamiable character, became the wife of the Duke of Orleans, and her niece subsequently became attached to the suite of his son, the Duke of Chartres, in the character of maid of honour to the duchess. M. de Genlis also obtained a place in the Palais Royal. The air of a court, however, appears to have had nothing very attractive in it. 'After passing six months,' says Madame de Genlis, 'at the Palais Royal, I had experienced so many marks of calumny and malignity, that I resolved to withdraw myself from it for some time. The Duchess of Chartres had, of her own accord, conceived a strong friendship for me; she sent for me continually, when alone, in her own apartments—a distinction which, with my habitual reserve, I should never have thought of soliciting, and which she never accorded to any other lady. My conversation and my vivacity pleased her, and I became attached to her from her goodness, candour, and sensibility. She was told many malignant things about me, but she always refused to believe them; she saw such a spirit of animosity against me, that she easily recognised the ill-disguised and passionate language of envy. She told me all these stories, and found me not only moderate, but I venture to say generous, towards my detractors, and I never recriminated. I never said any thing to her against the women whom she denounced to me as my mortal enemies; and even after that time, I never let slip an opportunity of doing a service with the duchess to these very persons.

'This behaviour was duly appreciated by the Duchess of Chartres, who became attached to me with a kind of passion which lasted in all its strength more than fifteen years; and I can say, with perfect truth, that my heart responded to it with all the energy and devotion of which I am capable where I love. This was the first motive of the ardent jealousy of which I was the object, for nine years, at the Palais Royal.'—P. 193—4. Vol. II.

At length her health was affected, and, agreeable to the advice of her physicians, she visited Spa, travelled over a great part of Switzerland, and



dined with Voltaire, of whom she is no admirer. On her return to the Palais Royal, she became more than ever attached to literary pursuits. She studied chemistry, wrote plays for private representation, and ultimately became anonymously an author in print. At twenty-five she resigned nearly all amusements, that she might the more readily persevere in her studies. 'The time,' says Madame de Genlis, 'I passed at the Palais Royal, was at once the most brilliant and the most unhappy part of my life; I was in the zenith of my talents, and at the age when a woman joins to the freshness and the graces of youth all the accomplishments which habits of intercourse with the world can bestow. I was admired, praised, flattered, and courted; I found means of passing a large part of my time at home; I had concerts every Saturday. Gluck came to these regularly; his conversation was as agreeable as his talents were admirable: I was delighted at being applauded by him, and his praises carried my passion for music to its height; all the most celebrated performers of the day came to my concerts with an eagerness which never abated: I set apart another day for conversation parties. Every Tuesday, a very pleasant circle of acquaintance met at my house: in short, I was constantly occupied, either in reading, or in forming plans of works, which I have since completed. I was generally beloved in the great world—so much for the brilliant side of my situation. But the malignity and the hypocrisy of several persons belonging to the Palais Royal—the constantly renewed vexations—the unlooked-for calumnies, and the pretended reconciliations of which I have been so frequently the dupe—the injustice and the slanders—all caused me the bitterest grief, which I was forced to conceal, for my situation obliged me to appear continually in society, and to do the honours of the Palais Royal when I was overwhelmed with melancholy, or overcome with indignation, and endowed with a disposition, of which the frankness went even to naïveté. I gained at least in this way the power of self-command, and acquired an empire over

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my passions, which I have always preserved since.'—Vol. III. p. 1-2.

While in the suite of the Duchess of Chartres, she visited Italy, and, soon after her return to France, she gave the world her first literary work. This was composed of the pieces which she had written for private representation, and she was now induced to publish them, for the benefit of the Messieurs de Quiessat, whose case is so well known. The profits of the work paid the fine imposed upon them; and thus Madame de Genlis' first literary effort released three brothers from perpetual imprisonment. Throughout her long life she has done a number of benevolent actions, which reflect the highest honour on her character. 'When I published,' says Madame de Genlis, 'my first volume of the *Théâtre d'Education*—that volume which gave liberty to Messieurs de Quiessat—there was every where felt for me a sort of general enthusiasm. Letters and verses multiplied upon me. An infinite number of persons sought my acquaintance, and among others M. de la Harpe. All the journalists without exception praised my work excessively, and without any mixture of severity. The work was immediately translated into all the European languages. The Empress of Russia had a version of it made, with the Russian text opposite the French. Yet I had never offered the book to her; nor have I ever presented my work to princes, unless they have thought proper to demand them. The Electress of Saxony did me the honour to write to demand my friendship—these were her very words. Her letter was signed *your friend Amelia*. When I went to pay my court at Versailles, the queen and all the princesses said obliging things to me on my work. In short, no one ever entered on a literary career with more glory and honour. At this brilliant period I went to Saint Cloud, where my aunt and the Duke of Orleans then were, and was very ill received. My aunt, in spite of her natural dissimulation, could not conceal her vexation; she pretended to talk to me of my success, but it was in a tone of irony and spite which was visible to every one. The Chevalier de Chastellux, who was

present on this occasion, was indignant at the exhibition.'—Vol. III. p. 65-6-7.

'During this time, the following is a narrative of what passed at the Palais Royal, and the changes which took place in my situation. The Duchess of Chartres was brought to bed of female twins. It had long been agreed on between us, that if she had a daughter, I should be her governess, and that instead of undertaking the charge of her at the age of fourteen or fifteen, I should educate her from the cradle. Up to this period, the princesses of the blood had been educated in their infancy only by an under-governess. I did not wish to lose a time so precious in the education of a child, for first impressions form the basis of all the good that can be done in the end. I was also determined not to bring up the princess at the Palais Royal, but to place myself in a convent along with her. This sacrifice was a great one at my age. I was so much attached to the Duke and Duchess of Chartres; I was so much disgusted with the world, that is to say, with the Palais Royal, where I had experienced so much injustice, ingratitude, and wickedness, and I had so great a taste for the culture of the arts and sciences, that this resolution cost me nothing. All these projects were secrets between the Duchess of Chartres and myself. Our separation occasioned her much pain, but she felt all the advantages of it. She determined to come and pass with me apart of every day.'—Vol. III. p. 62-3.

'I entered Belle Chasse at noon. The charming pavilion, built in the middle of the garden, was on my own plan; it communicated with the convent by a long arbour covered with wax cloth, and loaded with vines. All the house, conducted by the prioress, came to receive my little princesses at the grand gate of the convent; we conducted them to the church, from whence we went to fix ourselves in our charming pavilion. I experienced nothing of the emotion of which Madame du Barbantane had spoken; I felt nothing but joy at entering this peaceful abode, where I was to exercise an empire so sweet; I thought that there I might give my-

self up to my real tastes, and that I should be no longer a mark for the malignity which had caused me so many griefs. I was not very much at ease for the first few days, because curiosity attracted all the persons belonging to the Palais Royal to Belle Chasse, as well as my own acquaintance. Every one was enchanted with my establishment, which was really charming. I had in my bed-room a large alcove, of which my bed occupied only the half; there was in it a passage which led into the room of the princesses, which was beside mine, and from which I was only separated by a glass door, without either staining or curtain, so that I could see from my bed all that passed in their room. One of the rooms held, in glass cases, all my cabinet of natural history; I had brought nothing from the Palais Royal but that and my writing-desk; it was very much remarked on at first, but afterwards every lady had one. M. de Genlis, who gave it me, had placed it in my cabinet, under a large looking-glass; and my brother composed on the occasion some pretty verses, which he wrote out and had framed, and hung them up under the glass.'—Vol. III. p. 70-72.

Here it was that she pursued that admirable system of education, so well described in her '*Letters of a Governess*,' and which subsequently procured her the situation of *tutor* to the two sons of the Duke of Chartres, afterwards Duke of Orleans. 'I published successively, during the first eighteen months of my residence at Belle Chasse, the other volumes of my *Theatre of Education*, of which all the journals spoke in the same terms of eulogy. In speaking of some of the pieces taken from the sacred writings, D'Alembert, in the presence of M. de Schomberg, told me, *by way of friendship*, that he advised me not to talk about religion now, for that it was quite out of fashion; that I ought to employ my fine imagination upon subjects entirely moral (I was then engaged upon *Adèle and Théodore*), and that I should be sure in that case to have the most brilliant success; that he, for example, would propose to the academy to create four female members, to put me at their head;



and that he was sure of obtaining that favour, which would cover me with glory; for the public would easily guess that the other three would not have been named, had it not been for the sake of having the right of electing me, and diminishing, in some degree, the envy which such a choice would occasion. I inquired who were to be my three comrades. He mentioned the names of Mesdames de Montesson, d'Angevilliers, and d'Houdetot. I replied that it was impossible for me to separate religion from morality, and that I should have no kind of talent left me, if I removed such a basis of it; that not only I should continue to speak of religion, but that I would combat with all my feeble means, that false philosophy which attacks and calumniates it. He replied with anger and scorn that I would repent of it; and added, in a tone of great bitterness and irony, that *grace* might be on my side, but that *strength* was not. I replied, that we were always strong when we had reason, conscience, and perseverance on our side. The dispute became warm on both sides, in spite of all the efforts of M. de Schomberg to soften and conciliate us. D'Alembert departed in a rage with me, and from that time I never saw him again. Such was the commencement of my disputes with the philosophers.—Vol. III. p. 79-81.

Soon after this she published *Adèle et Théodore*, a work which assured her the suffrages of the public and the irreconcilable hatred of the philosophers. 'There were not wanting persons in society who thought they could furnish a key to *Adèle et Théodore*. It was the first time that a woman who was still young, and had lived in the highest society, had attempted to depict it. A truth of manner (which is assuredly neither to be found in Crébillon or Marmontel) made every one believe that all the characters were drawn from nature; a thing which was never said of the writers above mentioned. This was a mistake: I have painted pictures, and not portraits; I have collected several features to be found in nature, but I always interdicted myself all personality that could offend; and when I have recalled the remem-

brance of persons either ridiculous or vicious, I have so disguised the likeness as to conceal the person, or in general I have given the likeness a different sex from the original. The only finished and real likeness I have drawn in *Adèle et Théodore* is that of my eldest daughter, Madame de Lawoestine, under the name of Madame D'Ostalis, and her's I have certainly not embellished.'—Vol. III. p. 147.

Her next work was *Veillées du Château*, which was followed by 'Religion considered as the only Basis of Happiness and true Philosophy.' At the age of twenty her eldest daughter died in child-bed, and this had such an effect upon her health that she was obliged once more to visit Spa. A little before the revolution she came to England, where she was honoured and caressed in a very flattering manner. At this time her husband had become Marquis of Sillery.

We come now to eventful times. 'For a long period the revolution had been preparing, and all respect for the monarchy was now destroyed; it was become the fashion to defy the court in every thing, and to ridicule the monarchy. No one went to Versailles to pay his court, but with unwillingness and complaints; every one said, that nothing was so tiresome as Versailles and the court, and every thing the court approved was disapproved by the public; even the theatrical pieces applauded at Versailles were hissed at Paris. A disgraced minister was sure of the public favour; and if he was exiled, every one went eagerly to visit him, not through real greatness of soul, but merely to have the pleasure of blackening and condemning all that the court did. The finances were in very bad condition; and in order to remedy them it was thought advisable to assemble the states-general. There is nothing so injudicious as asking at once for advice and money, for you always receive the latter accompanied with very hard conditions. Some persons foresaw the storms and troubles that followed, but, in general, the public security went the length of madness. The Duke of Orleans and M. de Lauzun were one night at my house (the assembly of the notables was already

met). I said that I hoped that these assemblies would reform many abuses; the Duke of Orleans replied, and maintained that they would not even suppress *lettres de cachet*; M. de Lauzun and I maintained the contrary; a bet was made between the Duke of Orleans and M. de Lauzun; they wrote it down, and gave it to me to keep, which I did for more than five years. The bet was fifty louis. The Duke of Orleans maintained, as I have already mentioned, against the opinion of M. de Lauzun, that the assembling of the states would not produce the reformation of any abuses, not even that of the *lettres de cachet*. I showed the paper successively to more than fifty persons, and the opinion of the Duke of Orleans was precisely that of almost all the people of quality. A revolution was regarded as an impossible event. This security was fatal, for it hindered the precautions from being taken which might have prevented it.

‘About the commencement of the revolution, the Abbé Cerutti called on me, to beg me to give him, from time to time, some pieces of my own composition, for a journal, called *La Feuille Villageoise*, of which he was editor. He assured me that this journal contained the most pacific and the most moral sentiments. I consented to write for it, and I sent him several pieces, under the title of “*Letters of Marie-Anne*;” but as these letters were full of religion, the Abbé Cerutti returned to beg that I would not mention religion, but confine myself to morals. I understood that phrase, and knew well what it meant; I replied, that I would thenceforth write no more for the *Feuille Villageoise*, and I ceased from that moment to do so. I published successively my moral Discourses on the education of the Dauphin; on cloistered Schools, whereby I proposed to replace the convents of nuns, of which I regretted the loss; on the Education of the People; on Gymnastics, as applied to Education; on public Education, &c. &c. All these

discourses appeared in the course of the year 1790; they are collected in one volume, and to be found in my works.\*

‘I was of no party, but that of religion. I desired to see the reformation of certain abuses, and I saw with joy the demolition of the Bastille, the abolition of *lettres de cachet*, and of the rights of the chase; this was all I wished for; and my politics never went further. At the same time, no one saw with more grief and horror than I did, the excesses which were committed at the time the Bastille was taken, of which, as I have said, I rejoiced in the demolition. This did not alter my opinion, that such an arbitrary act, on the part of the people, was a violation of what was due to sovereign authority; but I could not suppress a lively emotion of satisfaction at witnessing the destruction of this terrible monument, in which had been confined, and wherein had perished, without even a form of justice, so many innocent victims.†

‘The desire I had of showing my pupils every thing, (which on this occasion made me take an imprudent step,) induced me to come from St. Leu, to pass a few hours at Paris, to witness from the garden of Beaumarchais, the assembling of the whole population of the capital, for the purpose of pulling down and demolishing the Bastille. It would be impossible to give an idea of the sight; you must have seen it, in order to conceive it as it was; this redoubtable fortress was covered with men, women, and children, working with unequalled ardour, even on the most lofty parts of the building, and on its turrets. The astonishing number of these voluntary workmen, their activity, their enthusiasm, their pleasure at seeing the fall of that terrible monument of tyranny,‡ these avenging hands, which seemed consecrated by Providence, and which annihilated with such rapidity the work of many centuries—all this spoke at once to the imagination and the heart.

\* Under the title of *Discours Moraux*.—(Author.)

† See the *Memoirs of Dangeau*.—(Author.)

‡ It is well-known, that the greater part of these imprisonments took place without the king's knowledge, and that the signature of a bad minister was sufficient to give a *lettre de cachet* all its power.—(Note by the Author.)



“No one has been more shocked than I at the excesses committed at the taking of the Bastille; but as I had also been witness, for twenty years, of many arbitrary imprisonments—as I have never cast my eyes without shuddering on that fortress—I acknowledge, that its demolition caused me the highest pleasure. I had also the curiosity to see the club of the Cordeliers, of which I have given the most faithful description in *Les Parvenus*.\* In the early part of the revolution, the eldest of my pupils discovered an instance of generosity and greatness of soul, which I cannot overlook here. He was informed, in my presence, that a decree had just annulled all the rights of elder brothers; upon this, he embraced the Duke of Montpensier, and cried out, “Ah, how delighted I am!” He was received at the Jacobin Club, at the wish of the Duke of Orleans, certainly not at mine; nevertheless, it must be remembered that this club was by no means at that time what it became afterwards; however, its sentiments were of a very exaggerated tone. I had caused him to be received a member, the year before, of the Philanthropic Society, of which M. de Charost† was the president; but, as I have stated, I did not wish him to be received into the Jacobin Club. Yet this was the pretext which was used, to withdraw from me the favour of the Duchess of Orleans.

“As soon as the Duke of Chartres had attained his seventeenth year, the Duke of Orleans informed me that his education was at an end, and they gave him an establishment; but the Duke of Chartres was so prudent, and so attached to me, that he said he would come daily, till he was eighteen, to Belle Chasse, to take his lessons as usual; he never failed to do this, which is an admirable trait in a young man, who had now become his own master.”—Vol. III. p. 215-220.

The Duke of Orleans, as is well known, was at first favourable to the revolution; and as Madame de Genlis held similar sentiments, she educated

his children in these liberal opinions. It is but just, however, to observe that she did not contemplate the sad excesses which disgraced the subsequent progress of democratic legislation. Speaking of this period, she says, ‘My principles have at all times been monarchical, and I have ever been friendly to the royal family, as all my works demonstrate. During the emigration, I displayed these sentiments in the *Knights of the Swan* and *The Little Emigrants*. In the empire of Napoleon, I put Louis XIV. in fashion by the *Duchesse de la Valliere* and *Madame de Maintenon*. I seized every opportunity during this reign of praising the heroes of old times; in *Mademoiselle de Clermont*, I wrote the eulogium of the great Condé, and had the hardihood to say, *Where can we more appropriately dream of heroic deeds than in the gardens of Chantilly?* Again, in Napoleon's reign, I wrote a tale entitled *Un Trait de la Vie de Henri IV.* containing besides a very full eulogium of that great prince; I wrote *Mademoiselle de la Fayette*, in which the same sentiments may be found. I wrote the *Memoirs of Dangeau*, but was not allowed to publish them. Prince Talleyrand, who is alive, several times asked leave in vain. I was desirous of writing the history of Henry the Great, and I even began it, but I knew to a certainty that I should not be allowed to print it; I finished it at the restoration, and had the courage to publish it at Buonaparte's return. It is also true that I have always detested despotism, *lettres de cachet*, arbitrary imprisonment, and the rights of the chase. These are my sentiments, and all my politics, and they have never varied. Since the revolution, I had published nothing in France but my *Leçons d'une Gouvernante*, and my *Moral Discourses*, in which there is a paper against the suppression of convents. In the rest there is not one word I could have any interest in denying at the present day; yet from the very beginning of the revolution I lost several friends, among the rest Madame de Montant and Madame

\* See the English translation, under the title of *Julien Delmours, or the new Era*.

† M. de Charost was a person of universal benevolence; his whole life was one long act of charity.—(Editor.)

d'Andlau. The former we doubly regretted at Belle Chasse, for she was the mother of a charming young lady, Josephine de Montant, whom Mademoiselle was extremely fond of.

'Now that I have reached the grand epoch of the revolution, I have no intention whatever of refuting the ridiculous charges made against me; for I hold of no account the opinion of those who judge me from anonymous libels instead of well-known facts, long labours, and works, which, though perhaps ordinary enough, show at least some knowledge and pure principles. My conscience, and the retrospect of the way in which I have employed the years of my life, give me the pleasing assurance that I may be calumniated, but that my character cannot be injured. None will believe that a woman who has constantly cultivated the arts and all kinds of accomplishments, who has never solicited a favour from the court, never appeared at a minister's, who has always been accused of being wildly solitary and reserved, and who, lastly, immured herself at the age of thirty in a solitary convent, for the purpose of completing the education of her daughters, and there took charge of children yet in their cradles; who from that moment renounced the court and society, spent thirteen years of her life in giving lessons, and in writing two-and-twenty volumes; none, I say, will believe that such a person could be the votary of intrigue. I abase not myself, then, so far as to offer a *justification*; I need it not, and were it true that I did need it, I should feel no desire of giving it, for there are species of injustice so disgusting as to excite no other feeling than contempt and disdain.'—Vol. IV. p. 72-75.

Notwithstanding her retired mode of life, and the nature of her occupations, it was industriously circulated in Paris that she was connected with most of the intrigues then going forward. These fabrications were retailed, by interested individuals, to the Duchess of Orleans, in consequence of which Madame de Genlis lost her friendship and confidence, after having retained both for twenty years. The duchess held political opinions directly opposite to those of

her husband, and as he was abetted by Madame de Genlis, frequent domestic quarrels ensued, and at length the duchess demanded a separation. During all this time Mademoiselle D'Orleans remained under the care of Madame de Genlis, to whom she was so much attached, that the subject of this memoir was obliged to resume, in consequence of Mademoiselle's alarming illness, her situation, after having formally resigned it. 'My mode of life,' says she, 'has always been the same, devoted solely to my pupils from the time I rose till half past eight in the evening, when I received my friends (that is, three or four persons) for an hour and a half; and then wrote till two or three in the morning. During winter, I had some of the persons I have mentioned at dinner, every Sunday: such was my invariable mode of life. I went sometimes to the National Assembly, but very rarely; and certainly none of the individuals known in public life was seen there seldomer than myself. I was twice at the meetings of the Jacobin Club, and they were certainly not at that time what they became afterwards; but the speakers seemed to me extremely poor, and the principles maintained violent and dangerous; I never went again. Curiosity led me once to one of the public sittings of the *fraternal society of the Cordeliers*; and it was a sight at once striking, shocking, and ridiculous. The women of the lower orders spoke in it, though they did not ascend the tribune, for they were continually interrupting the speakers, and making long harangues without leaving their places, to bring back the speakers, as they said, to *true principles*: the speeches were ludicrous, but the maxims maintained made one shudder. It has been said, that I took Mademoiselle d'Orleans to this sitting, which is absolutely false, for I did not even take her to the Jacobin Club.'—Vol. IV. p. 92-3.

In consequence of the king's flight to Varennes and his forced return to Paris, Madame de Genlis obtained leave of the Duke of Orleans to carry her charge to England. While in this country she wrote a letter to Petion, mayor of Paris, concerning the trial of the king, which was pub-



lished in all the French newspapers; and, as it created a great sensation in favour of the unfortunate Louis, she incurred the implacable hatred of the faction of Marat and Robespierre. In 1792, she returned to Paris by orders of the Duke of Orleans; but on her arrival she was obliged to set out immediately for Tournay, as Mademoiselle had been included in the list of emigrants who had not returned within the proscribed period. On

this journey they were overtaken by the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who had fallen in love with Pamela, a beautiful *protegé* of Madame de Genlis, whom he soon after married.\*

While in Belgium, a decree of the convention ordered her to be arrested; but as events now crowded on each other, she was obliged to leave Tournay, and take refuge in the camp of Dumouriez. She remained here only

\* 'At the first post-house we found Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose love for Pamela made him follow us to Tournay. We had scarcely reached that place, when he asked me for Pamela in marriage. I showed him the papers that proved her birth: she was the daughter of a man of high birth, named Seymour, who married in spite of his family a young woman of the lowest class, called Mary Syms, and went off with her to Newfoundland, on the coast of America, where he established himself at a place called Fogo. There Pamela was born, and received the name of Nancy; her father died, and the mother returned to England with her child, then eighteen months old. As her husband was disinherited, she was reduced to great misery, and forced to work for her bread. She had settled at Christ Church, which Mr. Forth passed through four years after, and being commissioned by the Duke of Orleans to send us a young English girl, he saw this girl and obtained her from her mother. When I began to be really attached to Pamela, I was very uneasy lest her mother might be desirous of claiming her by legal process, that is, lest she might threaten me with doing so, to obtain grants of money it would have been out of my power to give. I consulted several English lawyers on the subject, and they told me, that the only means of protecting myself from these species of persecution, was to get the mother to give me her daughter as an *apprentice* for the sum of twenty-five guineas. She agreed, and according to the usual forms, appeared in the Court of King's Bench, before Lord Chief Justice Mansfield. She there signed an agreement, by which she gave me her daughter as an *apprentice* till she became of age, and could not claim her from me till she paid all the expenses I had been at for her maintenance and education; and to this paper Lord Mansfield put his name and seal as Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. When I showed Lord Edward these papers, I told him that after my resignation of my place as governess to Mademoiselle, I had a right to a pension *en retraite* of six thousand francs belonging to the situation; and that I was going to write to the Duke of Orleans, to inform him, that I waved this claim for myself, and requested he would settle it on Pamela, who had many claims of her own to the grant, as the companion of the childhood and early youth of Mademoiselle, and, so far as regarded the English language, of great service to her education. Besides, I felt very great satisfaction in getting rid of this pension, after all the disagreeable treatment I had received, and in thinking that I had taken nothing for bringing up the three brothers of Mademoiselle. I also told Lord Edward that nothing could make me consent to give him Pamela against the will of his family, and without the written consent of his mother, the Duchess of Leinster: he assured me instantly that he would obtain it. He set out for England immediately, returned in a few days, and brought me a charming letter from the duchess, joyfully consenting to the marriage.

'The day after his return, the marriage contract was signed, the marriage concluded, and in two days after the new-married couple set out for England. This separation made me shed many tears, yet I felt great joy in seeing the fortunes of this beloved child so honourably secured. She was at once my pupil and my god-child, for, as I knew that Christ Church was full of anabaptists, I was afraid that she had not been baptized, and was desirous of getting her baptized *sous condition*, and for this purpose I went to the archbishop to explain my fears and the plan I had formed. He told me that baptisms of this kind could not be done unless under peculiar circumstances; but that as he was at that very time sending one of his secretaries to England on private business, I might give him all the papers I had respecting the child; that the secretary would inquire into the business, and I should have an answer on his return. I gave him all my papers; and from the inquiries instituted by the secretary, the archbishop gave permission for her to be baptized *sous condition*; thus I became her god-mother.'

—Vol. IV. p. 123—151.

one night, as a conspiracy was then ripe among the soldiers, and next morning set off for Switzerland in such haste, in company with Mademoiselle de Orleans and her niece, that they left their clothes and jewels behind them. They had no sooner set foot on neutral ground, than they encountered a new enemy. The emigrants, who regarded Madame de Genlis as a partisan of the revolution, every where persecuted her; nor did the walls of a convent, in which she took refuge, secure her from their attacks. In 1793, she learned the fate of her husband, who, as well as the Duke of Orleans, fell a sacrifice to Robespierre; and, in 1794, she consigned Mademoiselle de Orleans to the care of her aunt, the Princess of Condi, then resident in Switzerland; from that moment she became a wanderer through Germany; published the 'Knight of the Swan,' at Berlin, from

which city she was subsequently exiled; and, some time after, put forth a vindication of her conduct, which produced a powerful effect in her favour throughout Germany. At length, after an exile of nine years, she obtained permission to return to Paris, where she once more renewed her attacks on the philosophers, and obtained a pension from Buonaparte, with whom she was in the almost daily habit of corresponding. At the restoration she appeared at the court of Louis, and has continued, to the present day, to enjoy the friendship of her former pupils, now the Duke of Orleans, and his sister. During the last ten years, Madame de Genlis has published several useful volumes on the subject of education; and, though now eighty years of age, her faculties remain unimpaired, as is evident from the amusing volumes before us.

## STANZAS.

THE lyre that was attuned to thee  
 I cannot from me rudely fling;  
 My tributary minstrelsy  
 To thee I may not—must not—bring:  
 And yet the lyre thou didst awake  
 Still whiles away a lonely hour,  
 For, oh! my bankrupt heart would break,  
 But for its soft and soothing power:  
 And, though to thee no more I bring  
 My tributary minstrelsy,  
 I cannot from me rudely fling  
 The lyre that was attuned to thee.

Thou didst in early youth inspire  
 My soul with love, my heart with song;  
 To Love thou didst attune my lyre—  
 To thee my lyre and heart belong:  
 Years have not changed their much-loved tone,  
 They vibrate still to one dear theme;  
 Their songs and sighs are all thine own,  
 The echoes of an idle dream:  
 And, though to thee I may not bring  
 My tributary minstrelsy,  
 I cannot from me rudely fling  
 The lyre that was attuned to thee.

Dublin.

C. O'F.



## THE STATE OF IRELAND.

THE only 'green spot' in the British dominions, on which the ministerial eye can repose at present with pleasure, is Ireland. According to the King's speech at the opening of the present session of parliament, she presents a state of things the very opposite of that which prevails in all other parts of the empire. War in the east, and commercial embarrassment at home, fill the royal breast with regret and anxiety; and we have no doubt that, at such a moment, the government felt sincere satisfaction in being able to adduce the progress of prosperity in Ireland as one instance, at least, of successful policy. We admire candour, and have always placed implicit faith in the old adage, which assures us that honesty is the best policy; and, therefore, we cannot join in the clamour which the Irish newspapers have raised against the idea of their country being considered tranquil. The conduct of the 'race who write,' on this occasion, reminds us of the misanthrope who prayed that he might lose a law-suit in which he was engaged, as he would thereby have an additional cause for hating the whole human race. They are quite enraged it should go forth that the peasantry are peaceable, or that the removal of commercial restraints should have afforded a stimulus to Irish trade. They have been heretofore calumniating Ireland with all the zeal of ignorant fanatics—they have held their countrymen up as savages, and their country as the most miserable on the globe. They have hypocritically called for other measures, and prayed for better times; but, the moment these approach, they become furious, lest the presence of order and national happiness should deprive them of that string on which they have been in the habit of playing best. Sooner than lose so fruitful a source of dubious declamation as 'Irish misery,' they would make perpetual the bad policy of other times; for nothing appears to give them so much uneasiness as the apprehension of Europe being persuaded that Irishmen have desisted from the commission of midnight

atrocities; or that the peasantry are no longer compelled to dine upon *manure*, or to lie all day upon their bellies, for the purpose of assuaging the pangs of hunger.\* The press resembles the Protestant doctrine of future reward and punishment: it is either extremely bad or extremely good: it has no middle state; and we have no hesitation in assigning that press the very worst place which is in the constant habit of publishing falsehoods and misrepresentations respecting their own country. It is immaterial whether this be intentional or not: it produces effects diametrically opposite to the interests of the nation; for a self-degraded kingdom cannot long retain either the pity or friendship of foreigners. May we not be allowed to wonder why Irishmen are the only people on the globe who encourage such policy?

But the folly of which we complain is not confined to the press. Those who take a part in public discussions are largely imbued with the same spirit; and even those who, we believe sincerely, labour for the attainment of emancipation, are impolitic enough to merge the importance of their great question in that of Irish grievances. Nay, some Catholic advocates have gone so far as to assert that they regard this national measure in a favourable light, only as it will facilitate the attainment of ulterior, and, we suppose, in their opinion, superior objects. Since the commencement of our labours we have endeavoured to counteract this conduct; we have pointed out its impolicy, and shown the erroneous reasoning of its advocates. We have demonstrated that Ireland wants only the establishment of equal laws and equal rights, to become happy, tranquil, and prosperous. We have been replied to, but not answered. We have stated facts, and our opponents have combated them by vague declamation. We have been unjustly numbered among Scotch economists; but our facts, our reasoning, and our arguments, remain unrefuted.

As there is nothing heard more

\* See Dr. Doyle's Letters; also his evidence before the Parliamentary Committees. March, 1826.

frequently repeated than 'Irish grievances,' let us now inquire what these grievances are. To relieve the term from the indistinctness which invariably accompanies it, we shall enumerate all the real and supposed evils to which that country is subject, and consider each 'grievance' under its respective denomination.

1. *Government Taxes.* When compared with the remainder of the empire, Ireland, so far as taxes raised for the support of the state is concerned, enjoys a singular exemption. The English people labour under burdens, respecting which their neighbours know nothing; and, though we do not mean to deny but that the Irish excise laws are a grievance, yet it must be acknowledged that they are a grievance from which no part of the empire is free. If they have excluded happiness from Ireland, England ought to be the most miserable country on the globe.

2. *The Want of Trade and Manufactures.*—This, though considered a grievance, is regarded as the necessary consequence of the evils of which the people complain. Having, in the sixth number of this publication, demonstrated the fallacy of the popular notion in this respect, and proved that Ireland—fortunately for herself—never could become a commercial or manufacturing country, in the general acceptance of these terms, we will not here repeat our arguments. Events have singularly illustrated our remarks; for, what we then said respecting the capacity of England to supply the whole world with manufactured goods, has been since made apparent. She is not only adequate to the supply, but to create a surplus stock, for which it is impossible to obtain a market. Nothing can be more absurd than the general opinion of extensive trade and manufactures being necessary to the happiness of a nation. No country can exist without trade and manufactures; but all attempts to force these, or to give them

an exclusive importance, terminate in misery and ruin. If the happiness of the majority of the people be considered the happiness of the kingdom, the nations of Europe, which are least commercial at the present day, decidedly enjoy the greatest degree of tranquil felicity.\* We need only look at England, where hundreds of thousands of operatives are in want of employ, and consequently of food, for an illustration of the advantages of trade and manufactures; and, though Ireland must, in some degree, partake of these misfortunes, yet her partial security from the commercial shock which has taken place arises from her being less of a manufacturing than an agricultural nation; and this fact, which silly and thoughtless men have so long deplored, will ultimately give her the ascendancy over her more wealthy sister. Yet, notwithstanding the facts which we have advanced, and the embarrassed state of commercial affairs in England, a Mr. O'Farrell Moore, a few days since, made a speech, at an aggregate Catholic meeting, in which he anticipated prosperity from the influx of British capital and British manufacturers! Next to emancipation, the greatest benefit which could be conferred on Ireland would be the establishment of lectures on political economy. We do not know a public man in the kingdom who does not stand in need of a lesson; and we give a preference to oral tuition; for, according to Cobbett, the people are much better *hearers* than *readers*.

3. *Absenteeism.*—On this subject the Edinburgh Review has come to our aid; and, with that literary honesty which belongs to reviewers, Mr. McCulloch, author of the article in question, has substituted some of our arguments in place of his own, without any acknowledgment whatever.† For this, however, we shall not quarrel with him; and, though we look upon our own article as the better one of the two, yet we hold his arguments to be unanswerable, with the

\* If trade and manufactures be a proof of prosperity, Ireland ought to be much more prosperous than any kingdom on the Continent; for she is comparatively a more commercial and manufacturing country than France, Austria, Italy, &c. &c.

† See that part of the article which treats of the morality likely to result from the residence of absentees, and compare it with the article in the 'Dublin and London,' Vol. I. p. 741.



exception of those respecting absentees in foreign kingdoms, which are most absurd, unless a free and unrestricted trade existed between the country of the absentee's adoption and the country from which his income is derived. Few subjects have called forth more declamation than this of Absenteeism. Mr. O'Connell has pronounced the economists a 'heartless gang;' and Mr. Staunton, Editor of the 'Morning Register,' than whom a worthier or more zealous patriot does not exist, actually charged England, when enumerating the contributions of Ireland to the state, with three millions—the sum supposed to be spent by absentees. This he considered as a *tax*; and, accordingly, looked upon it as so much paid to the state;—into such absurdities will prejudiced men, otherwise well intentioned, sometimes run. As yet we have seen nothing like the shadow of an argument against what we have already written on the subject.

4. *Tithe and Church Lands.*—Respecting these much prejudice and erroneous opinions prevail. Tithes, like all direct taxes, are obnoxious; and, in spite of every argument, they will, while the church continues to demand the decimal part of farm produce, be held in execration. Yet it would be easy to show that they have been far less oppressive to the Irish peasant than is generally supposed. Lord Portarlington declared that land, tithe-free, on his estate, always let ten shillings an acre higher than land of the same quality which paid tithe. We have known instances of this ourselves; yet tithe, on an average, has never been equal to the one-third of this sum. There can be no doubt but that the abolition of tithe would raise the rent of land; and, in that case, the farmer would pay to the proprietor a sum, perhaps, greater than he was in the habit of paying to the parson. At all events, if tithe be a grievance (and we don't mean to deny but that in several cases it has been most oppressive), it is not a grievance peculiar to Ireland; for, in England, tithe is, at least, three times as heavy on the farmer. Happily, however, there is now a method putting into practice for getting shut of this obnoxious impost. Mr. Goul-

burn's bill, whatever may be its faults, enables the peasantry to put tithe on the footing of rent; and, though the aristocracy may complain, the Irish farmer has no cause whatever to murmur. The real friends of Ireland, instead of declaiming on this question, would do well to impress upon the people the advantage of speedily availing themselves of the Tithe Composition Bill. It would be most absurd and injudicious of the Catholics to meddle with tithes. The burden of them may now be almost instantly placed on the shoulders of the aristocracy, where it has a right to be placed; for they have, in point of equity, no more claim to the amount of tithes which is abstracted from their annual income, than we have to the one-tenth of their estates. They have either purchased or inherited their possession, when subject to this impost; and, therefore, if this should be abolished, they have no right to reap exclusively the advantage. Respecting church lands, it is not necessary to say much. The mode of letting them may be disadvantageous to the church; but this, as far as the people are concerned, is quite immaterial. The peasant must pay his rent; and it is, surely, of little concern to him whether it be to a lord or a parson; or whether his landlord's title be derived from Cromwell or from the Bishop of Clogher.

5. *Local Taxes.*—Under this head we shall consider church-rates, grand jury cess, and tolls. All these are certainly grievances; but they are grievances of a very minor order, and by no means peculiar to Ireland. For our own part we would prefer the grand-jury cess, with all its abuses, to English turnpikes; and as for corporations and tolls, (the remnants of bad policy,) a single fact will show how innocent these nuisances are in Ireland compared with what they are in England. No man but a freeman can carry on the most insignificant business in the city of London. To become a freeman requires a sum of *forty pounds*.

6. *Political Inequality.*—It must be quite evident that the foregoing 'grievances,' neither conjointly nor separately, are capable of entailing misery on a whole people,—that, in fact, most of the abuses here enu-

merated are much more burdensome in England than in Ireland. To what, then, are Irish discontent and Irish suffering to be attributed? We think the reader is prepared to answer, 'To political inequality, and to nothing else.' The non-emancipation of the people is the grand evil to complain of—is the moral Hydra which 'frights the isle from its propriety'—is the cause

of oppression on the one hand and murmurs on the other: Whatever is harassing in landlords—whatever is obnoxious in magistrates—and whatever is culpable in the people—is solely attributable to the political degradation in which the country is kept. We will say no more on this subject at present, as we will have occasion to return to it in our next.

## EVENINGS AT WYLIE'S.—NO. II.

PRESENT—THE LOW LAMPREY, DAVID M'CLEARY, REV. LITTON CROSBIE, TIGHE GREGORY, AND H. B. CODEY.

*M'Cleary*—Davy! Davy! Davy! says my mother to me—Davy, says she, you'll be a great man, d'ye see—I was so bint upon studying history, and philosophy, and all that—

*Gregory*—Yet here you are, after all, Davy—not even a man; you're but a tailor.

*M'Cleary*—Be quiet, doctor, or I'll furnish my bill for the black breeches to-morrow—but, Lamprey, didn't we do well to drag Wylie out of that hole in College Green? We have him now in a house of our own—We, the joint stock propriators of this sum-sich establishment.

*Gregory*—Sumptuous! my dear Davy.

*M'Cleary*—No words, doctor, or, by the ghost of the black breeches, in goes your bill.

*Crosbie*—Why I think this house is rather pleasantly situated.

*Gregory*—I like it for one reason—its being so convenient to the Library.

*Codey*—What makes you so fond of that place, doctor?—I'm told they quiz you there most confoundedly—that the Proposal-book is filled with squibs at your expense—and that when you try to speak at their meetings you are constantly *hemm'd* down.

*M'Cleary*—Mr. Codey, bridle up your little wit; no *hemming* here, tho' I am a tailor.

*Codey*—No allusion, I assure you, Davy.

*M'Cleary*—Well, sir, so much the better.

*Gregory*—You spoke of the Library, Mr. Codey. Now, as to my treatment there, little need be said—I look upon the bulk of the members with contempt—a nest of radicals and incendiaries, I assure you.

*Lamprey*—And what is loyal men about?—Is the government asleep?

*Crosbie*—Asleep indeed!

*M'Cleary*—It's a lie, a damned lie! I was only dozing—but, Lamprey, push the grog round; you're as dull as the edge of an old scissors.

*Lamprey*—Oh! I can talk of other things besides scissors, and so forth, Davy—What about our Loyal Magazine, Mr. Codey?—I like to speak with men of letters, d'ye see me?

*Codey*—I expect Mr. Burke here every moment—he has the papers—that is, the contributions and the list of subscribers—already we have eight or nine quarterly subscribers.

*Lamprey*—That's famous!—go on. Enter THOMAS T. BURKE, PARSON GRAHAM, of Derry, AND REV. JOHN HAMILTON, of Roscrea.

*Codey*—Welcome, gentlemen! we were just longing for your appearance.—I find the Church is well represented here to-night.

*M'Cleary*—Aye, it is, surely—leave the state to Lamprey and to me.

*Omnes*—Well done, Davy!

*Graham*—Burke and I have just visited the engraver about the plate for No. I. of 'The Williamite'—I think the design that I suggested is, at all events, a sprightly one.

*Gregory*—What is it? a head of our great deliverer?—That would be appropriate.

*Graham*—Pshaw! a head of your great grandmother!—No, sir—I recollected Lord Rathdown's merry toast, and I told the engraver to sketch a plan of the Infernal Regions.

*M'Cleary*—Oh Lord! oh Lord! and this from a parson—'it beats Bannalana!'

*Graham*—Well, sir, a pillory is to occupy the foreground, and there we shall place his Holiness the Pope, while the Devil stands at a distance, pelting Priests at him.



*Omnes*—Beautiful! beautiful!

*Crosbie*—But, gentlemen, tell me who is to be the Editor of our Magazine.

*Burke*—Mr. Codey, to be sure.

*Codey*—No, no! I name Mr. Burke.

*Burke*—Not competent, I assure you.

*Lamprey*—Gentlemen, don't fall out—if I might *pursume* to offer myself—

*Omnes*—What! as Editor?—O, ye powers!

*Gregory*—Gentlemen, the Editor of our work must be a man of nerve as well as of talent—if not, believe me, the wags of the 'Dublin and London' will sneer him out of office in his second month.—Now I'm used to be laughed at—let me be Editor!

*Codey*—Yours, doctor, is an admirable, and, indeed, a novel recommendation—do then, my dear sir, try and expose yourself a little more; make yourself thoroughly ridiculous for the sake of the good cause, and when you die we shall add your name to Fox's list of Protestant Martyrs. But let Mr. Burke show us the papers.—(*A parcel produced.*)—Hey-

day! what have we here? Plenty of matter for rejection, I fancy:—'A Preface!'—why, Burke, this is yours!

*Burke*—It is! but read it.

*Codey (reads)*—'At the present most eventful period, *when* the fiendish fury of Popish fanaticism is at its height—*when* the dark and damnable wiles of Jesuitical imposture are enveloping us in a cloud, and threatening the indiscriminate destruction of our LIBERTIES and our RELIGION—*when* the grim genius of Rome hath yoked the green and yellow-coloured dragons of her brazen chariot—*when* her scarlet mantle floats wildly upon the polluted breeze—*when* her roaring Bulls go about, seeking whom they may devour—

*Lamprey*—Oh Lord, Davy—M'Cleary, did you hear that?—Devoured by Bulls!—

*Graham*—I beg pardon, Mr. Codey—this Preface is not to my taste—I should prefer a poetical introduction; it would be more striking—more original—more 'every thing.'—I have touched off a little thing of that sort, which I shall read—hem!—

#### THE WILLIAMITE'S PREFACE.

At this most awful period, when our foes  
Assail with horrid rage the throne and altar—  
When the dark demagogues their plans disclose,  
Marking out victims for the pike and halter—  
At such a period it is death to doze—  
At such a time 'tis cowardice to falter:  
So then at once let Protestants unite,  
And, armed with pen or sword, await the fight.  
Ours is the former weapon! we shall speak  
To the lulled senses of our Orangemen,  
Till all we sigh for, yea, till all we seek,  
Shall be enacted in this Isle again—  
Till Orange steel makes popish victims squeak—  
Till Orange fires consume them in each den,  
Where for a partial shelter they may fly,  
Seeking in vain to shun each loyal eye.

Ours is the weapon! we shall rouse the spirit  
Of *profitable loyalty* once more;  
The well-trained spy shall, like an eager ferret,  
Hunt popish wealth, and lap up popish gore:  
We shall write on—and show how men of merit  
May merit confiscations, as of yore:—  
This we shall do—but, not to work on chance,  
WE WANT A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

*M'Cleary*—I, for one, won't pay in advance.

*Lamprey*—Nor I—no 'pig in a bag.'

*Graham*—Gentlemen, I've not done!

*Lamprey*—We've done with you, sir! (*rising.*)

*Graham*—'Weary Knife-grinder, whither art thou going?'

*Lamprey*—Only to ring the bell, sir.

(Graham reads)

How cheering will it be to see this land,  
 Where now almost eight millions move about,  
 Lying in solitude all sad and grand,  
 Freed from low crowds, and all the rabble rout !  
 For these must be killed off, as we have planned,  
 And then the acres may be parcelled out—  
 We shall make this a land of milk and honey ;  
 But let our kind subscribers pay their money.

*M'Cleary*—None from me!—curse the penny!

*Codey*—All this is very good, Mr. G.; but let us go on—there are other articles here.—This is 'A Review of Graham's Derriania.'—Why, this is in your own handwriting.

*Graham*—It is—but the critique is a modest one.

*Codey*—Oh! quite modest!—It begins with saying—'This is a work of great, nay, of unparalleled interest!' What next?—more stuff in the rhym-

ing way!—'A ditty intended to have been sung at the national dinner given in O'Mara's waste house in Dawson Street'—Air, 'The Grinder.' 'The author' admits its want of poetical merit, but he says 'it is quite good enough for the subject.'—Poor Dan! they're down on you, right and left; you may well be jealous of John Langan for dividing with you the admiration of your favourite potatoe-porters.

*Omnes*—Read the song, Mr. Codey.

## THE LEADER.

'Were you at Vinegar Hill,  
 Or were you at the battle of Tara?' ANONYMOUS.

Were you at the Corn Exchange,  
 Or at the waste house of O'Mara?  
 Did you hear Daniel O'Connell  
 Repeating his old bladderara?  
 Terry-hi-ho, hi-ho!

It's he that can talk about Kerry,  
 Or tell of Kenmare or Killarney;  
 It's he that can make the mob merry,  
 Or tickle the ladies with blarney.  
 Terry-hi-ho, hi-ho!

It's he that can quibble with art  
 (For Dan's a political shaver);  
 Its he that can play off each part—  
 A thorough-paced 'Bottom the Weaver.'  
 Terry-hi-ho, hi-ho!

Little *I* is for ever his theme,  
 At this you perpetually catch him;  
 And, though smart Alexandre may seem,  
 In the changing of self he can't match him.  
 Terry-hi-ho, hi-ho!

Just hear him awhile running on—  
 'Twas *I* that three 'prenticeships gave you;  
 'Twas *I*—but all gratitude's gone—  
 'Twas *I* wasted thousands to save you.  
 Terry-hi-ho, hi-ho!

'Twas *I* that on parsons was witty,  
 'Twas *I* said the priests were our glory,  
 'Twas *I* that before the committee,  
 On oath told a different story.  
 Terry-hi-ho, hi-ho!



'Twas I that collected the Rent,  
'Twas I that for Bric got a share, sir,  
When to Ross and to Cavan he went,  
Tho' the deuce a much good he did there, sir.  
Terry-hi-ho, hi-ho!

'Twas I that once bearded Judge Downes,  
'Twas I stopped his tongue in a trice, sir;  
'Twas I—and then big blood an ounce,  
Must I be subdued by the "Mice,"\* sir?  
Terry-hi-ho, hi-ho!

'Twas I that got Dwyer his Post,  
'Tis I that will keep him there still, sir;  
'Tis I that can bully or boast,  
Let reporters report as they will, sir.  
Terry-hi-ho, hi-ho!

'Twas I that sour Plunkett defied,  
When braveing answered my end, sir;  
'Twas I that again changed my side,  
And called him our very good friend, sir.  
Terry-hi-ho, hi-ho!

'Twas I sought a post from the Queen,  
'Twas I that befattered the King, sir;  
'Twas I brought his "Garland of Green,"  
For loyalty then was the thing, sir.  
Terry-hi-ho, hi-ho!

'Twas I that supported the "Wings,"  
'Twas I was the whole Deputation—  
'Twas I promised wonderful things,  
To lull and bamboozle the nation.  
Terry-hi-ho, hi-ho!

'Twas I that offended the Quakers,  
'Twas I damned the Cortes of Spain, sir; —  
Presbyterians, Socinians, or Shakers—  
I'll blast them again and again, sir.  
Terry-hi-ho, hi-ho!

'Twas I that abused York and Peel,  
'Twas I made an abject submission;  
'Twas I thought some pity they'd feel,  
And back the "Silk-gownish" petition.  
Terry-hi-ho, hi-ho!

*Codey*—Gentlemen, there are forty-five stanzas yet remaining—I shall not read them to-night.

*Burke*—It is understood, I presume, that Dr. Gregory edits the Magazine?

*Graham*—Doctor Gregory has no-

thing of a literary character established yet.

*Gregory*—Oh! but you have, sir! you have acquired literary distinction with a witness!—I remember *your* character.

———— In these troubled times  
Comes crazy Graham with his ribald rhymes.  
View the vile doggrel—

\* \* \* \* \*  
Mark how he stoops, laboriously to drain  
The last low oozing of a muddy brain.

*Graham*—Oh yes, that is taken from that book of libels, 'The Plagues of Ireland;'—but, doctor,

you were too contemptible to be noticed there.  
*Gregory*—Contemptible!—Recol-

\* So he calls the reporters.

lect, Mr. Graham, that I once carried a sword.

*Graham*—Yes! to the great annoyance of your legs and knees, no doubt—that was, I believe, the only harm your sword did.

*Codey*—For shame, gentlemen! is it becoming in ministers of the Gos-

pel to quarrel in this way? Let us proceed with these papers:—here is a scrap in the handwriting of Alderman Nugent—it's about the Coal-meter's business.

*Gregory*—A black business that!—but let us hear it.

*Codey (reads)*

*Air,—‘The Boyne Water.’*

On Monday, at the Merchants' Hall,  
There was a furious bat-tel;  
There many an angry ass did bawl,  
And many a tongue did rat-tel.  
Big King had laid his plans quite keen,  
As what he might requi-ar—  
For he knew, if all his turns were seen,  
Poor Oulton must reti-ar.

—We shall not give this insertion—it is badly written, and it attacks our best friend, Sir Abey.—But, see! there's M'Cleary, Lamprey, and Hamilton, fast asleep;—only look! Ha-

milton, is for all the world, like his own stuffed man.—Let these gentlemen settle the bill when they awake. (*Exeunt CODEY, BURKE, GREGORY, CROSBIE, &c.*)

#### GENIUS:—A FRAGMENT.

OH Genius! Genius! what thou hast to endure,  
First from thyself, and finally from those,  
The earth-bound and the blind, who cannot feel  
That there are souls with purposes as pure  
And lofty as the mountain-snows, and zeal  
All quenchless as the Spirit from whence it flows!  
Of such, thrice-blessed are they whom, ere mature  
Life generate griefs that God alone can heal,  
His mercy wafts to a happier sphere than this:—  
For the mind's conflicts are the worst of woes  
When bitterness usurps the abode of bliss,  
Whose brightest dreams are earliest to depart—  
And fathomless and fearful yawns the abyss  
Of darkness thenceforth under all who inherit  
That melancholy changeless hue of heart,  
Which flings its pale gloom o'er the years of youth,—  
Those most—no! *least* illumined by the Spirit  
Of the Eternal Archetype of Truth!  
For such as these there is no peace within,  
Either in action or in contemplation,  
From first to last; but even as they begin,  
They close the dim night of their tribulation:—  
Some, of a gentler and more sensitive cast,  
Suffering in shrinking silence, worn and bowed  
By the world's weary weight, and broken-hearted;  
Some, not less alien to the myriad crowd,  
And struggling on unshaken till the last  
Throes of life's lingering fever have departed,  
Taming the torture of the untiring breast,  
Which, scorning all, and scorned of all, by turns,  
Upheld in solitary strength begot  
By its own unshared shroudedness of thought,  
Through years and years of crushed hopes, throbs and burns,  
And burns and throbs, and will not be at rest,  
Searching a desolate earth for that it findeth not!

Dublin.

M.





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Dublin.

M.







LORD HOLLAND.

*Drawn by S. Kneller — Engraved by R. Page.*

Published by J. Robins & Co. London & Dublin. Apr. 1806



1933-1934 1934

CLINICAL CLINICAL

Nearly the whole intellect of the country is arrayed against intolerance and exclusion; and so the activity of the Catholic body in Ireland are aided the silent, but not less efficient, effects of the press. In the publications before us—the titles of which are appended—the reader cannot fail to recognise with pleasure the names of Davis and Smith, Christian teachers who combine within themselves

every thing to make us understand the  
tenets of religion to which they are  
respectively attached, and in which  
they have wrought virtues and attainments  
probably not found in an equal degree  
in any other two sects of the  
Christianity. The name of the Rev. Sydney  
Smith need be already familiar  
to all readers; and pages of the *Edin-  
burgh Review* bear testimony to his  
acquirements as a scholar and his  
liberality as a Christian minister;  
while his efforts in his own immediate  
sphere of labour have uniformly been  
directed to the subversion of bigotry  
and intolerance. Not long since he  
publicly addressed his Protestant fel-  
low-countrymen on the folly of their  
opposition to the Catholic claims; and  
the pamphlet before us is written for  
the instruction of the clerical of  
England. The reader will be able  
to form his own judgment of its tendency  
before he considers the perusal of  
this volume.

And the most important work which has ever appeared on the Catholic claims is that from the pen of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle. On a former occasion we fully expressed our opinion of the letters contributed to this learned periodical; but, whatever were their merits—and they were not a few—they certainly lose by comparison with the essay before us. Considered as a literary production, it places the author among the first writers of this or any other time; and, as an exposition of Catholic principles—to the extent these principles have any connection with Catholic doctrines—it is by

\* An Essay on the Catholic Claims, addressed to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Larn-  
pool, &c. &c. &c. By the Rt. Rev. James Doyle, &c. &c. &c. to which is added,  
the Pastoral Address and Declaration of the Roman Catholic Archbishop and Bishops of  
Ireland. Dublin: Coyne. 1826.

*A Letter to the Electors upon the Catholic Question.* By the Rev. Sydney Smith. York: Wilson and Sons. 1806.

<sup>24</sup> Letter to the Duke of Norfolk, on the Catholic Question. By R. Wilmot Horton, M.P. (Newcastle-under-Lyme: London: Messrs. 1819).

Question; to which are annexed Six Letters of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, interesting Reminiscences of that distinguished character and his Son, &c. London Ridgway. 1826.

